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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE coal deadlock remains unbroken as we go to press. It seems just possible, though not very likely, that the owners may be induced to agree to a brief postponement of their notices, and, as no strike or war is ever quite inevitable, any postponement will be highly welcome. But, even if postponement is secured, the chance of averting a stoppage a few weeks later will remain very slender, and we shall be unwise to indulge in the facile optimism which has been so prevalent during the last few weeks. The railway and transport unions have decided not to handle coal at all, if a stoppage occurs, so that industry and the public generally will feel the effects of a stoppage far more quickly than was the case in 1920 or 1921. We repeat the words we used last week, "The situation is more menacing than it was in 1921; more menacing, because we have already had 1921, and the dangers of such a process increase by repetition."

The Court of Inquiry had a delicate task. Their real problem was a diplomatic one. With the parties so far apart, it was obviously idle to expect that any detailed compromise they might suggest would be accepted by the two sides, especially as the Miners' Federation refused to appear before them. What, then, were they to do? They evidently decided that their best course was to avoid any clear pronouncement on the main points at issue, but to say just enough to create what might be called "a new situation," in the hope that thereby a postponement of notices might be secured. As it was the owners who had issued the notices, it was clear that for this purpose what they said must be in criticism of the owners' demands. Accordingly they declared themselves "satisfied on one point, that the workers are justified in claiming that any Wages Agreement which they can be asked to accept should provide for a minimum wage." But as to what this minimum wage should be they offered no opinion. That must be "a matter for negotiation between the two sides." In proposing to abandon the principle of a minimum for wages before anything is paid in profits, the owners certainly made a bad mistake; and the Court

of Inquiry so far succeeded in their object that the owners expressed themselves ready to concede this principle, and to suspend their notices to discuss the whole matter, if the miners on their side were ready to discuss. But, as the Miners' Federation refuses to depart from its position that it will consider no reduction of wages, this has not so far served to overcome the deadlock.

From the diplomatic standpoint, it is doubtful if the Court were equally wise in "venturing to think" that "there is considerable room for improving the efficiency of the industry as a whole, and in this way affording some aid to its economic position." We believe this to be true; but, as the Court admit, they had no evidence on the subject, and furthermore "any steps of this nature would not meet the present emergency, for they would necessarily take some time to produce any appreciable results." Despite these express qualifications, the natural effect of the reference is to support the miners in their contention that nationalization or some equally drastic reorganization is the proper remedy, and that it is unreasonable to expect them to accept lower wages until reorganization has been effected. It is not surprising, therefore, that the mineowners should have issued a furious protest against the Report, denouncing it as a biased document. Indeed, it is difficult to withhold sympathy with the owners on this matter, when we find journals like "The Times," which have opposed any scheme for reorganization that has been advanced, arguing that the owners are now bound to withdraw their notices in order that these suggestions of the Court may be investigated.

An interesting pendant to the readiness of the Court to treat of these matters is supplied by their coyness on another matter. The most interesting feature of the Report is an addendum by Sir Josiah Stamp, in which he assigns a large part of the trouble to currency policy, arguing that the rise in the exchange incidental to the return to gold "is sufficient in itself to account for the special plight of the industry since March." Sir Josiah feels that he cannot avoid reference to such important factors "merely because they do not act on the sur-

face, and still less because they may lie for the moment in that political field with which I have usually no concern." But what of the other members of the Court? "This aspect of the case was only incidentally referred to in evidence, and the two other members of the Court do not feel themselves qualified to deal with it." It is an interesting contrast. Without any evidence at all, and without any practical knowledge of an industry, people are quite ready to back their opinion that it might be reorganized with advantage. But when it is suggested that a 10 per cent. rise in the exchange must make it more difficult to sell abroad, they are seized with an extraordinary modesty. The worst of this prevalent agnosticism is that it means in practice exaggerating the effects of other causes, and thus diagnosing the problem falsely.

* * *

We deal elsewhere with the merits of the cruiser controversy and the astonishing *volte-face* on the part of a section of the Tory Press. There is, however, one other aspect of the matter that requires to be mentioned. As in the case of the Singapore scheme and the dispute with the Air Ministry, the cruiser controversy has been marked by the appearance of articles and paragraphs bearing suspicious signs of Admiralty inspiration, and a plentiful crop of rumours as to threatened resignations. Quite apart from the merits of the dispute—and our attitude to the Admiralty policy has differed in respect of these three questions—we regard these tactics as deplorable, whether the fault lie with the Sea Lords or their partisans. In view of the collective responsibilities of the Board, it has always been recognized that a Sea Lord whose advice had been disregarded on a point he considered as absolutely vital to the national safety, might with propriety resign his post. That is a very different thing from these constant threats of resignation that leak out, or are rumoured, as soon as the present Board meets with the smallest opposition to its demands. We cannot say who is responsible for these rumours; we are sure that they are not in conformity with naval traditions, and that their effect on the confidence of the country in its expert advisers is altogether bad.

* * *

We have received from Mr. R. Gordon-Canning, who writes as a personal friend of Abd-el-Krim, an outline of terms which he believes would be acceptable to the Rifi leader. As these terms have already been published as authoritative in the daily press, they may be summarized here very briefly. They provide for recognition of the Rifi as a State guaranteed by the League of Nations, with a status similar to that of Afghanistan, the Sultan of Morocco being recognized as Amir-al-Mouminin (Commander of the Faithful), but not explicitly as temporal suzerain. It is proposed that the new State should have the river Wergha as its southern boundary, and should embrace the whole of the Jebala, including Tetuan and Laraiche. The Rifi Government should receive a small loan from the League of Nations, and should be allowed to maintain a standing army on a basis settled by a committee of experts; this army to be gradually reduced as the arms of the remaining tribesmen were called in. Certain special facilities would be accorded to France and Spain in respect of railways and economic development, and the Rifi State would guarantee a complete cessation of pan-Islamic propaganda in the French Protectorate of Morocco.

* * *

There is obviously a wide gap between these terms and those on which the French and Spanish Governments are said to have agreed. They are understood to offer

complete internal autonomy with the title of Emir for Abd-el-Krim; he claims independence, subject to a recognition of the Sultan as Amir-al-Mouminin, and the exact significance of this provision depends very much on the state of religious sentiment in the Rifi. Moreover, the Spanish Government is not likely to consent readily to territorial claims which would practically confine Spanish authority to Ceuta and Melilla; nor is it certain that Abd-el-Krim could successfully maintain his authority over the whole of the territory he claims. It is very unlikely, however, that this *ballon d'essai* represents Abd-el-Krim's last word, and in view of the obvious desire of all three parties for peace, the difference between their attitude, as so far defined, does not seem sufficiently great to exclude the possibility of negotiations. Neither France nor Spain has any desire to initiate a new campaign on the scale that is necessary to obtain a decision by force, and it is up to them to state, more explicitly and openly than they have yet done, what they are prepared to offer. We are unable to conceive why the good offices of the League should not be used to bring the parties together.

* * *

The Report of the League of Nations Commission on the Mosul boundary, which Great Britain and Turkey have both agreed to accept, is expected in a few days. It is disquieting, therefore, to find in last Wednesday's "Times" an article smacking of Foreign Office inspiration, which is obviously designed to discredit the Report before its terms are published. This article, after a disparaging reference to the personnel of the Commission, says:—

"These delegates created some bewilderment among the inhabitants of the Mosul region by their inquiry, in the course of which they stimulated a frank expression of opinion by allowing it to be understood that the League of Nations ruled the world and British authority was a subordinate factor."

The implication of this seems to be that the Commission should have stimulated a pro-British expression of opinion by allowing it to be understood that Britain rules the world and that the League is a subordinate factor. That this course was not adopted is presumably due, in the opinion of the "Times" or its inspirer, to the "demonstratively pro-Turkish" proclivities of Count Teleki, a member of the Commission. "It may safely be said now that the findings of the Commission will satisfy nobody," adds the "Times." That we can well believe, for it is usually the case when judgment is pronounced by an impartial tribunal on a long-standing and embittered dispute. We prefer to suspend judgment on the merits of the Report until we have seen it. It is essential that, whichever way it goes, it should be loyally accepted.

* * *

Mr. W. T. Layton, the Editor of the "Economist," and Professor Charles Rist of Paris University, have been investigating the economic position of Austria on behalf of the League of Nations, and it is expected that their report will be ready by the middle of August. The crux of Austria's problem is, of course, that she is still cut off from proper intercourse with her neighbours by high tariffs, but recent reports from Vienna suggest that some progress is being made towards the diminution of these barriers. A tariff agreement between Austria and Czechoslovakia is said to be nearly complete. Negotiations with Yugo-Slavia are proceeding favourably, and should be assisted by the new internal harmony of that State. And an arrangement with Hungary on the sound lines of special privileges for Hungarian agricultural products in return for preferences on Austrian manufactures is under discussion. How far this advance is due to the efforts of the League's experts we do not know. It is

expected, however, that these various reciprocal agreements will be laid before the Great Powers, who will then be invited to forgo their "most-favoured-nation" privileges to facilitate their operation. So far as the Succession States proper are concerned, neither France nor Britain is likely to make difficulties about this, but if rumour is correct, Italy is disposed to insist that she must be included within the scope of the arrangement; and it might prove an awkward stumbling-block if we were expected to waive our most-favoured-nation rights in her case.

* * *

"Day by day," in Signor Mussolini's words, the Fascists continue "to violate the constitution," and incidentally to display their peculiar conceptions of honour and courage. The latest victim of their tactics is Signor Amendola, the leader of the "Aventine" opposition. After an attack on his hotel at Montecatini, Signor Amendola departed by road for Pistoia, under escort of a lorryful of Carabinieri who, by a happy chance, withdrew just in time to permit the opposition leader and his secretary to be savagely beaten by fifteen men, with the result that both victims had to be taken to hospital. The Fascist papers are very angry, just now, with the attitude of the foreign Press. They ought at least to realize that this is not the way to enlist its sympathies. The difference of outlook is emphasized by the Florentine Provincial Federation of Fascists, who described the attack on Signor Amendola as "magnificent behaviour, worthy of the tradition of the Florentine blackshirts." In this country a mob assault on defenceless men is regarded as an exhibition of cowardly blackguardism. The Fascists must either find other outlets for their heroism or reconcile themselves to the contempt of civilized communities. Meanwhile, some of those quaint people who call themselves the "British Fascisti" must surely be wishing they had chosen another label.

* * *

In our issue of April 11th, we stated our belief that a Serbo-Croat rapprochement was nearer realization than was generally believed. The latest news from Belgrade appears to justify our optimism. Stephen Raditch, the Croat leader, has been released from prison and received in audience by the King, and his nephew, Paul Raditch, with three other Croats, is included in the new Yugo-Slav Cabinet. It is significant that M. Pasitch has felt himself strong enough to allow Pribitchevitch and the Independent Democrats, who represented the die-hard element in the old combination, to go into opposition. If the new Serbo-Croat combination proves capable of pulling together effectively, it should be able to effect a settlement of the troublesome Croatian question that will go far to unify and consolidate the Yugo-Slav State. The effect on foreign affairs remain to be seen. The Croats are specially interested in Adriatic questions; but the retention of M. Nintchitch as Foreign Minister should secure the continuance of good relations with Italy. Negotiations with Greece remain suspended; but, if a *modus vivendi* can be found on the question of the Salonika railway, anything that tends to strengthen the position of Yugo-Slavia will probably increase the desire of the Croats for a renewal of the Serbo-Greek alliance.

* * *

When Mr. Baldwin announced the creation of a Food Council, without statutory powers, to carry on the good work of the Royal Commission on Food Prices, we took it for granted that a purely ornamental body was contemplated. We are somewhat surprised, therefore, to learn that Lord Bradbury has consented to act as Chairman of the Council, and it will be interesting

to see what he makes of it. Lord Bradbury is certainly not accustomed to hold merely decorative posts, and while it is possible that he might be glad of repose after his strenuous work on the Reparations Commission, he is hardly likely to seek it in the confused atmosphere of a Food Council. The Royal Commission, of which Sir Auckland Geddes was Chairman, has now been supplanted by this new body, which is its offspring; and the proposed inquiry into profiteering in fish and vegetables will therefore fall into Lord Bradbury's hands. The machinery for distributing these perishable commodities is very defective, but it is not easy to see how it can be made efficient. The Reports of another Committee of Inquiry—the Safeguarding Committee on Superphosphates—have now been published. The Committee was hopelessly divided, so the Government will take no action. The Reports on Gloves and Gas Mantles are to be kept secret till next session; it is probable, therefore, that they are in favour of protection.

* * *

It might be supposed from the pomp and ceremony with which Kenwood, the magnificent site between Hampstead Heath and Highgate, was opened to the public, that the London County Council was the prime mover in securing this open space for London. As a matter of fact this is by no means the case. So far as can be discovered the London County Council, in accordance with the tradition of its policy since 1906, took no action at all in the matter until after the site was secured. The brunt of the burden seems to have fallen upon Miss Beatrice Osmond, Sir Arthur Crosfield, and the Secretary of the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society. If the matter had been left to the London County Council as the custodian of London, the ground would in all probability have been sold by Lord Mansfield for building purposes. It was owing to a gigantic effort by certain private persons that the necessary money was collected. It is interesting to see where this money was found. Three donors, who between them gave more than half the sum needed, came respectively from Harrogate, Liverpool, and Carnforth. The Middlesex County Council gave £5,000, and the London County Council nothing. The official Hampstead donation was £5,000, while the Borough of St. Pancras found £7,500. Save for a small sum raised on the property, the rest of the donations came either from private individuals or local bodies. If a few people with no particular responsibility had not spent four years of labour in raising the money, Kenwood would have been lost to London. For, according to present standards of municipal service in London, there would have been no body sufficiently interested to take over the site on its own account, and no one to whom blame could be attached, if the opportunity for public purchase had been allowed to slip.

* * *

Lord Oxford opened the fifth Liberal Summer School at Cambridge last Wednesday. Nearly a thousand students of politics have again assembled at this "School," which, as Lord Oxford said, "has now an established place as a permanent instrument of Liberal thought and research." Its adherents, he added, were mainly young men and women of the party who "have not worn out their political teeth in masticating the juiceless remnants of worn-out formulæ." They have an extremely interesting programme before them, of which the most novel feature is a "Foreign Politics Day," with addresses by distinguished statesmen from Germany, France, and Italy; and the concluding speech will be delivered by Mr. Lloyd George on Wednesday, August 5th.

CRUISERS—THE REAL ISSUE

THE superficial aspects of the cruisers controversy have an intriguing air of paradox. The dispute in the coal-fields over wages was almost overshadowed last week by the dispute in the Cabinet over ships. We have had no Court of Inquiry in the latter case, but the deficiency has been supplied in the Conservative Press, and we know the tone in which the dispute has been conducted there at least. "The Opposition," declares Mr. Garvin in the *OBSERVER*, "henceforth only need to quote the *MORNING POST* upon the unspeakable motives of some of the Prime Minister's personal colleagues." As to the final issue, the antagonists are agreed. The Admiralty won. The threat of the resignation of the whole Board of Admiralty prevailed over Mr. Churchill. The *MORNING POST* is relieved. The *OBSERVER*, the *DAILY MAIL*, and the *EVENING STANDARD* are disappointed.

Now when under a Conservative Government a dispute over armaments ends in a "triumph for the Admiralty," it is natural to conclude that the programme must be extravagant and exorbitant in a quite unusual measure. It is here, however, that the element of paradox comes in. The number of cruisers, so reluctantly agreed to for 1925-26, is not only less than the number which the Labour Government laid down last year; it is less than the number to which it seems that Mr. MacDonald had given a provisional assent for the present year. And the previous Conservative Government had contemplated a much larger programme still. In October, 1923, in the famous Plymouth speech in which he unfurled the banner of Protection, Mr. Baldwin put forward another remedy for unemployment. It was to accelerate the construction of "several light cruisers." Think of it! In the interests of employment, to build more cruisers than were really wanted by the Admiralty! Such was the policy of our present Ministers less than two years ago; and we cannot recall that it aroused the smallest protest from any of those Conservative organs which are now such stern economists. To-day, the Board of Admiralty has to threaten resignation to obtain half the ships which were then almost pressed upon it. Was there ever so bewildering a change?

The explanation is, of course, a simple one. There has been no marked change in the international situation. Unemployment has certainly not grown less acute. But there is a radical change in the Budget outlook. Two years ago Ministers had a comfortable feeling that between the buoyancy of the revenue and "automatic" reductions of expenditure, progressive tax remissions would, as it were, drop into their laps. To-day, with the Gold Standard at work, they are confronted with the awful prospect that they may actually have to propose—they hardly dare to whisper it—increased taxation. Clearly this is not to be thought of; why, it might bring the Government down! Hence the remarkable change in Ministerial ideas both as to the exigencies of national defence and as to the economics of unemployment.

It is welcome that Ministers should have come to appreciate, however tardily, the importance of economy in armaments. Policy apart, we are convinced that the Committee over which Lord Chalmers is to preside will find scope for large savings in the £116 millions which we are now spending upon defence. The Royal Dockyards, on which Commander Kenworthy writes elsewhere, are an obvious case in point. But it is idle to suppose that we can settle the question of how many cruisers ought to be laid down by saying that economy is urgent. We must have some standard of strength, some principles of defensive policy to guide us. For our part, we are unable to condemn confidently as excessive the broad programme of cruiser replacement

which has been finally approved. We are far more concerned to secure the reversal of a dangerous tendency in Admiralty policy, calculated both to prejudice the cause of peace, and to lead to an indefinite expansion of naval armaments in the future, of which we see signs in the details of this programme. Let us elaborate our meaning.

Much of the criticism directed against the present cruiser programme appears to us to be unsound. Talk of the air menace, for instance, is irrelevant. Air warfare is a new peril which has, unfortunately, to be met; but air, sea, and land forces are complementary, not interchangeable. The protection of our essential supplies, on the trade routes, and in the ocean approaches, remains a vital function of which the Navy cannot be relieved.

This exceptional dependence on seaborne supplies has always led other Powers to tolerate tacitly the preponderance of Great Britain in cruiser strength. In 1914 we had 127 cruisers built and building, a number that had been equalled or exceeded towards the end of the nineteenth century; Germany, the next strongest Power, had 54; France had 30. A White Paper issued early this year* showed the position as follows:—

	British Empire.	United States.	Japan.	France.
Built ...	49	31	28	16
Building ...	8	1	9	5
Projected ...	—	8	2	4

On these figures there seems no ground for regarding our existing strength as excessive, particularly since we are actually outnumbered by America in destroyers, and by America, Japan, and France in submarines built and building.

A reasonable standard of cruiser strength depends, however, not merely on a ship for ship comparison with other Powers, but on the essential functions the ships are to fulfil. An attack by any considerable naval Power would probably compel us to throw the bulk of our trade into convoy, and in a previous article we have given our reasons for believing that, even having regard to our capacity for expansion, the present strength cannot be regarded as an excessive provision for such a contingency. The life of a light cruiser, however, is comparatively short, and to send men to sea in ineffective vessels is murder. Unless obsolescent vessels are replaced as they drop out, the whole force will gradually waste away. It is worth noting that of our cruisers, completed or actually under construction, only 5 were laid down in 1919 or later; of the American, 8; of the Japanese, 23; of the French, 5. That the replacement cruisers are of larger type is not surprising; for construction immediately before and during the war was concentrated on light vessels suitable for screen work in the North Sea, and the big County class and other cruisers that did a large proportion of the work of trade defence in the war, have disappeared from the lists. America, Japan, and France are all building vessels of the 7,500-ton to 10,000-ton type.

It appears to us, therefore, that, in denouncing any programme of cruiser replacement, or any increase in size over the existing ships, as unnecessary or provocative, the critics of the Government are on weak ground. The real cause for anxiety lies in the Government's persistent refusal to make the definite statement we were led to expect, of the principle on which their present programme and their standard of future strength are based. If that principle is simply the security of the ocean approaches and chief focal points of trade, against any probable contingency, we do not think exception can be taken to it, and we do not see why it should not be stated. Their unexpected coyness in this respect, and the guarded

* Cmd. 2349.

references to the delicacy of the subject, suggest that what they have in mind is some more remote but more definite contingency—that they are thinking in terms, not of the minimum demands of general security, but of a “next enemy”—that we are preparing, in short, for a contingency for which we ought not to prepare at all, a war in the Pacific against Japan.

This suspicion is strengthened by the character, so far as it is known, of the cruisers laid down last year, to which the “A” cruisers of the new programme will presumably conform. Large cruisers with a big radius of action may well be needed for oceanic work; but we do not believe that so high a speed as 33 knots would be chosen if the defence of trade routes were the primary purpose. Such ships are being built abroad for the attack on commerce; for escort and protective duties speed might with advantage be sacrificed to other qualities. We have no desire to enter into a technical argument on design, but from the first announcement of the Singapore scheme we have dreaded the emergence of a demand for a new cruiser type suited to offensive action in the Pacific, and it is this which gives us the greatest anxiety with regard to the present programme.

This is the real issue. If the naval policy of this country is based on reasonable provision for the safety of our most essential and most valuable interests against any likely contingency, we could go into a conference on limitation of the lighter types with some real prospect of an agreement. If the Admiralty are postponing these reasonable requirements (which they must sooner or later fulfil) to provision for offensive action in the one theatre where an honest endeavour to carry out the spirit behind existing engagements should render the possibility of war most remote, then the possibility of agreed limitation vanishes, and a new armament competition becomes a certainty. America is known to desire a new limitation conference; Japan, we believe, desires it also. Our own Government will commit themselves to nothing but platitudes, and we suspect that the millstone of Singapore around their necks is fatal to any honest co-operation on their part.

MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. PETER WRIGHT

IN “Life and Politics” last week “Kappa” wrote as follows:—

“I am interested to hear that the Gladstone family has not allowed the accusations in the book ‘Portraits and Criticisms’ to pass without notice, but has given Mr. Peter Wright an opportunity of defending them.”

This referred to the letter written by Lord Gladstone and Mr. H. N. Gladstone, calling Mr. Wright a liar, a coward, and a fool, which has since been published in the Press. The avowed object of this letter was to force Mr. Wright to bring a libel action against the signatories, since it was not open to the latter to bring an action on behalf of the dead.

Mr. Wright replies that much to his regret it is outside his power to issue a writ. One of his reasons for this assertion is that for an action to lie, the libel must have been published, that Lord Gladstone omitted to publish his letter, and that it was he (Mr. Wright) who sent it to the Press.

We are glad to be able to state, at the request of Mr. Gladstone’s sons, that we received a copy of the letter in Lord Gladstone’s handwriting on Wednesday, July 22nd, several days before it appeared in the Press. There can be no doubt that this constituted “publication” in the legal sense of the term.

THE SUPERFLUOUS ROYAL DOCKYARDS

By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

ONE of the outcomes of the five months’ Cabinet crisis on naval shipbuilding is stated to be the granting of a free hand to the Admiralty to reduce naval dockyards not required for the efficiency of the Fleet. It has been an old grievance of the Naval Staff that purely political considerations have prevented the reduction or abolition of unwanted dockyard establishments.

Each war has produced its special dockyard. And after the war the dockyard has been maintained in deference to the vested interests gathered round it. Thus the wars with Spain produced the Royal Dockyard at Plymouth; the French wars, the Portsmouth Dockyard; the Dutch wars, the Dockyards of Chatham and Sheerness; the German war, Rosyth, and the proposed Pacific war, Singapore. Several of these dockyards retain a certain utility to-day. Plymouth would be of value in an Atlantic war. But Chatham is no longer required for strategical reasons. In any case the depth of water is insufficient for modern ships, and the port was found inefficient and inconvenient during the war with Germany. Furthermore, Chatham is extremely vulnerable to air attack in case of hostilities with France. For this reason the Naval Staff have been in favour of its reduction for a number of years. But the votes of the dockyard workmen and the tradesmen dependent upon them, and the agitation of dockyard Members of Parliament, have always vetoed drastic reduction. In fact, we have had the sorry spectacle of certain cruisers being built in these yards in seven years when the work could have been completed in two, in order to give employment to more men. These ships have cost many hundreds of thousands of pounds more than necessary. It must be admitted that the position of the men who live by the dockyard, and their families, and the whole municipal life of the towns that have grown up around them, is very difficult.

One proposal now being made is that Chatham should be handed over as a going concern, free of charge, to the Port of London authority. Rosyth is no longer required for strategical reasons, but has very modern machinery and equipment. In recent years two dockyards have been virtually abolished. The utility of the Jamaica dockyard long since disappeared, and it has been ruthlessly scrapped. But there is no Member for Kingston, Jamaica, in the British House of Commons, and no votes dependent on its nominal retention for the Fleet, even when no longer of use. The other is Haulbowline Yard, Queenstown, in charge of a care and maintenance party, as a result of the Irish Treaty.

Pembroke is a very good example of the scandal. The Admiralty have admitted in the House of Commons on more than one occasion, that for strategical reasons they no longer require Pembroke. Pressure was brought upon them by the Welsh members, whose leader happened to be Prime Minister, and Pembroke was saved for the time being. Sentence will now, it appears, be carried out. The displaced workmen will have the sorrowful consolation of knowing that the money saved will be spent instead in giving employment to Chinese and Malay artisans at the great new dockyard being built in the Johor Channel, on the north side of the island on which stands Singapore.

If the Admiralty are permitted to rob Peter in order to pay Paul—in other words to spend the money saved on Chatham, Sheerness, Pembroke, and Rosyth,

and even Gibraltar—whoever else benefits it will not be the British taxpayer. The present naval base is situated near the city of Singapore, and, although small, is well equipped and able to take all but the very largest vessels. It is amply sufficient for the docking and repair of the new 10,000-ton "Washington" type of cruiser. But the Government's intention is to create a brand new base on the other side of the island. The scarcely veiled reason is that the orientation of naval power has shifted to the Pacific. This means that the great threat of the German High Seas Fleet, which caused the withdrawal of the battle squadron from China in 1905, having disappeared, the Admiralty have cast around for a new potential enemy. Some members of the Staff would no doubt have preferred America as a richer and stronger nation. But this would have been too much even for the long-suffering British public. No one could have believed America so foolish as to make war on the only country attempting to pay her debts. But Japan is far distant, the Japanese speak a different language, and there are half-forgotten memories of "Yellow" scares on the part of our Australian fellow-subjects. Japan, therefore, became the new bogey.

In case of hostilities in the Pacific it is perfectly true that Singapore, standing at the very gateway to the Indian Ocean, is a "nodal" point for the shipping routes of the East, and is a position of great strategical importance. But it is not a suitable base for a great battleship and battle-cruiser fleet. The climate is extremely hot and damp. The housing conditions are bad; and the Colony is overcrowded. Moral conditions are even worse. The new base will be carved out of virgin jungle. Nor will it be possible to rely entirely on Chinese artisans, skilled and reliable in normal conditions as these are. There will be a large percentage of white officials, overseers, foremen, engineers, draughtsmen, and the like. These will require churches, schools, hospitals, clubs, recreation fields and the other amenities of white men in the tropics. Roads and railways will have to be built and a water supply provided. And across the narrow Johor Strait is the Johor Peninsula, sparsely settled, and mostly covered with thick jungle. Unless the Base is heavily fortified and the Johor Peninsula strongly held, with the land defences supported by an active fleet in being, it would be a simple matter for the Japanese to effect a landing on the Johor or Malay Peninsula and make things extremely uncomfortable for the new dockyard. So the garrison will have to be increased, modern aerodromes established, and mining, anti-submarine craft, and a destroyer flotilla at hand to assist the defence. That is presupposing the main battle fleet will not be permanently based there. If, however, it is proposed to maintain the whole battle fleet at Singapore and not to send it out to the Pacific if and when required, another battle fleet will be required in home waters; and the outlook for the unfortunate Chancellor of the Exchequer and his tax-paying fellow-countrymen is mournful. Furthermore, Singapore is too far from the most likely line of approach for a Japanese expedition sailing from the Japanese Archipelago to Northern Australia by way of the Caroline or Marshall Islands, now Japanese mandated colonies. Better strategy would be to establish the main Pacific base on the Australian mainland, where it could draw on Australian reserves and be defended by the Australian Army. An advance base could be prepared in either New Zealand or British New Guinea. This alternative to the grandiose Singapore scheme would have the probable additional advantage of being paid for by the Australians themselves. The existing cruiser

base at Singapore itself would remain at little additional expense. Sydney is a fine dockyard now, and only requires enlargement.

While the Board of Admiralty is looking into dockyard questions it, and the Government, might also consider the position of Gibraltar. The dockyard on the western side of the Rock would be untenable in face of a hostile Spain, as it is within field-gun range of the hilly land above Algeciras on the other side of the Bay of Gibraltar. This ancient fortress has great sentimental value, and every schoolchild is taught that it is impregnable. Informed persons know this to be very far from the case. And even if continued friendship with Spain could be relied on, it is to-day in effective long range of artillery fire from the opposite mainland in North Africa. In case of hostilities with France and a French establishment on the North African coast opposite, the Gibraltar dockyard would become untenable in a very short time.

If, arising out of the present embroglio in Morocco, an exchange could take place of Gibraltar for Ceuta, our position would be very much more secure, and Ceuta would become a great trading port for the Moroccan Hinterland. In any case, it is obvious that the dockyard question once having been opened up and freed from political considerations, it should be settled in accordance with the real needs of the Empire and the strategical situation. No doubt very great savings could be effected in the home dockyards. Undoubtedly, the Admiralty have been precipitant, which opinion is understood to be strongly held both by the War Office and the Air Ministry staffs, in embarking on their ambitious project in the Johor Channel.

An enlargement of the existing base at Sydney would give rise to none of the apprehension which the building of Singapore has caused in Japan, and the Fleet could be based on a healthy dockyard at less cost to the British taxpayer.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE

PARIS, JULY 27TH, 1925.

THE end of the Parliamentary session is a convenient time to take stock of the economic and political situation of France. The economic situation is probably better than that of any other European country, certainly better than that of Britain or Germany. The value of the imports for the first six months of this year was 18,836,523,000 francs and that of the exports 21,624,385,000 francs, so that there was a favourable trade balance in round figures of £28,000,000. In gold value the imports exceeded those of the first six months of 1913 by nearly £20,000,000 and the exports by rather more than £80,000,000, but a more satisfactory method of comparison is to correct the figures of this year by the average index number of wholesale prices during the six months. This gives the equivalent of the foreign trade of the first six months of this year at 1913 prices. Thus corrected, the imports show a decrease of about £24,000,000 (14 per cent.), as compared with the first six months of 1913, and the exports an increase of about £31,450,000 (23 per cent.). In 1913 there was an unfavourable trade balance of about £34,000,000. This year the "corrected" favourable trade balance was about £21,000,000.

In a Europe where the volume of trade has generally diminished since 1913 this is a satisfactory situation. It is true that there is no advance on the first six

months of 1924, for the increase of about 385,000,000 paper francs in the exports this year is merely nominal, being the result of the depreciation of the franc and the consequent rise in wholesale paper prices. The imports decreased by about 1,000 million paper francs, as compared with the first six months of last year. I have not before me the index numbers of the first six months of 1924, but it is evident that the volume of French foreign trade during the first half of this year was in fact rather smaller than in the corresponding period of last year. A further decline may be expected, especially in view of the failure to arrive at a commercial understanding with Germany, which is a serious matter for Alsace-Lorraine. Sooner or later Alsace-Lorraine will demand Free Trade between France and Germany, for the German market is much more important to the recovered provinces than the French. I doubt on general grounds whether the present prosperity of France can be lasting.

Be that as it may, France is at any rate relatively prosperous at present, and, thanks to her natural resources and her relatively small population, will probably continue to be more prosperous than Britain or Germany, both of which are overpopulated. There would probably be unemployment in France, if the population were as large proportionately to the area as that of Britain or Germany. As it is, labour has to be imported, and the demand for it is so great that wages in many trades are six times as high in paper francs as before the war, whereas the cost of living is only about four times as high. The index number of the general cost of living in Paris for the second quarter of this year was 390, which means that in gold value the cost of living was no higher than before the war. It is kept down by rent, which, except in new houses where there is no restriction, is only half the pre-war rates in gold value. Nevertheless the index number of retail food prices for the quarter was only 412. Of course a rise in retail prices is inevitable, since the index number of general wholesale prices at the end of June was 554 and that of wholesale food prices 486. The general index number, however, represents an increase in gold prices of only about 35 per cent. on those of 1913.

There is every reason to believe that the French national income in gold value is higher than before the war, as indeed is the opinion of French experts in such matters. The national capital too is probably larger. The French internal debt has been so much diminished by the depreciation of the franc that it is now much smaller than the British. M. Loucheur again asserted on the last night of the Parliamentary session that France was now the most highly taxed country in the world. It is a question of simple arithmetic. The total receipts from taxes and monopolies in France during the first six months of this year were in round figures about £130,000,000 (equivalent to £260,000,000 in a full year), of which the income tax provided nearly £37,000,000. The rest was derived from indirect taxes and monopolies, for the tax on turnover, which yielded about £19,000,000, is in fact an indirect tax and is transferred in advance to the consumer. The tobacco monopoly brought in about £10,000,000. The test of the burden of taxation is its relation to the national income. According to the generally accepted estimates, the pre-war French national income was 24 per cent. less per head than the British, and it may now be 50 per cent. less in gold value (though not in purchasing power). It follows that, even if French taxation were increased 50 per cent., it would

still be no higher than British in proportion to the national income. No doubt the most highly taxed country in proportion to the national income is Germany, although the incidence of taxation there is even more unjust than in France, but Britain must come next.

Plainly, France could not raise as much money from income tax as Britain, even in proportion to the national income, since wealth is more evenly divided and there are fewer big incomes. It is the big incomes that swell the income tax returns. An income of £10,000 a year contributes much more than twenty incomes of £500. Nevertheless, the yield of the French income tax is ridiculously small.

The autumn session of Parliament will probably begin on October 6th and the Government is presumably safe until then, but the Cartel des Gauches, which has long been in a precarious state of health, succumbed during the last night of the session. The Socialists voted against the Government, the moderate "Radical Left" for it, and the other groups of the Cartel—the Radical Party and the "Republican Socialists"—were hopelessly divided, with a majority against the Government. The immediate cause of the debacle was a trivial one—the question whether small tradesmen should be exempted from the tax on turnover. M. Caillaux declared himself by no means favourable to the tax in itself and promised to deal with the matter in the Budget for 1926 in October, but he refused—quite naturally—to take the risk of a Budget deficit at the eleventh hour when it was too late to provide a substitute for the revenue that would be lost. It is hard to think that so reasonable an attitude would not have prevailed, had there not been in the Cartel discontent with the present Cabinet on general grounds. Morocco had at least as much to do with the matter as the small tradesmen.

Morocco is the black spot on the French horizon, which is already assuming dimensions that make the term "spot" inappropriate. It is much to be hoped that Abd-el-Krim will accept the very favourable terms of peace that are being offered to him. He will, if it is the autonomy of the Riff that he wants, but, if his aim is to drive the French out of Morocco and he thinks he will succeed, no doubt he will refuse. I understand that the offer has not the character of an ultimatum and that there is room for discussion. Should peace prove to be impossible, except at the cost of abandoning Morocco, the situation will be very grave. It is grave enough already in Morocco, but I am speaking of the internal situation here. The feeling against the war is intense in all classes. The French may be Nationalists, but they are not Imperialists, and have never cared about Colonial adventures. I do not believe that French families are prepared to let their sons be killed for the sake of Morocco. On the other hand, the majority of the French people are certainly not yet ready to abandon Morocco and do not yet realize—that is the tragic circumstance in the situation—that, if Abd-el-Krim refuses to make peace, the alternative may be a war as long and as costly as the war in the Transvaal. The illogical attitude of the public is reflected in the hesitating policy of the Government, and their unwillingness until quite recently to admit that the situation in Morocco was serious. A mistake has been made in neither recalling Marshal Lyautey nor leaving him in command. The inevitable friction between him and General Naulin will not conduce to successful military operations.

The present Government, who found themselves faced by a *fait accompli* when they took office, deserve

every sympathy. In view of public feeling their situation is one of extreme anxiety, for they risk popular indignation in any event. They cannot abandon Morocco, and would not be approved by the majority of the country if they did, but on the other hand the continuance of the war may have serious consequences to them and to France. There are already 125,000 troops in Morocco, and more reinforcements are being sent. The evacuation of the Ruhr has been hastened on that account. Should the war continue, the Government may have to choose between evacuating the Rhineland and mobilizing some of the reserves—and the mobilization of even one class of the reserves might cause an upheaval. An appeal has been made for volunteers. It remains to be seen how far it will succeed. Meanwhile this war in Morocco overshadows all the financial and other problems. Its consequences are incalculable.

ROBERT DELL.

BRYAN AND FUNDAMENTALISM

IT would be impossible to name any prominent man of the modern world to whom death has come with the more dramatic rightness than that with which it came to William Jennings Bryan. For three weeks he had been the central figure in a scene of unparalleled comedy, which was to him, as he said, the most momentous trial ever held in the courts of America. In the court itself he had carried all before him. He had undertaken the prosecution of J. T. Scopes, for the crime of teaching in a Tennessee school a theory that "denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible," knowing from the start that the conviction of the accused was inevitable. He had directed the proceedings during eight astonishing days, glorying in his impersonation of the Archangel Michael and revelling in the adoration of the Fundamentalists crowd. It is true that on the seventh day of the hearing he had made the fatal mistake of quitting the advocate's seat and going on to the stand to testify, having no prevision of the fate that awaited him at the hands of Mr. Clarence Darrow, the chief defence counsel. He seems to have learned by that experience something of the weakness of the position with which he had identified himself, and, despite his immense assurance, he was shocked and humiliated by the Press comments upon his personal discomfiture. His resilience, however, had long been a legend. From Dayton he was resolved to carry the fight for the Bible against Science to the people of all America, knowing that the audiences were awaiting him. It does not appear, however, that he had dreamed of making Fundamentalism a political issue, by urging the adoption of an anti-evolution amendment to the Constitution. That would have been a folly against which all his experience would have warned him.

Two aspects of this remarkable person have as a rule been dwelt upon by writers in our Press—his oratory and his evangelism. It is necessary, however, to point out that unless he had possessed an aptitude for politics Bryan could not have held in his party the place that was his for thirty years. In 1896 the "cross-of-gold" speech gained for its author the Democratic nomination to the Presidency. But after the election of that year the champion of free silver would have followed the line of defeated candidates into obscurity if his gift of speech had not been reinforced by other powers. He was, as a matter of fact, a master of the political game as played in the United States, and he was in the full sense of the

term, what his admirers called him, the Great Commoner. In W. J. Bryan the farmers and small-town people of the great region lying between the Alleghanies and the Rockies saw the embodiment of the only America they know. He was one of themselves; he had made the correct progress from the farm to the Capitol: he remained to the end a denizen of their world. He was religious in their sense—a puritan and prohibitionist, an important church member, a heaven-sent leader of the crusade against the poison doctrines that, coming from Europe, were being spread over the God-fearing American continent with the aid of teachers and professors who had been mistrained in metropolitan seats of learning. Moreover, Bryan, who had seen the world for himself, was entirely convinced that the America of the pioneer settlers was the noblest product of civilization. There could be nothing on the earth to rival it, and his enraptured audiences were never tired of hearing him proclaim this truth.

Bryan's political career is, needless to say, without a parallel. In his first presidential contest there was a chance of victory, notwithstanding his splitting of the Democratic Party on the silver issue and the hitherto unapproached outpouring of money on the Republican side. But the attempt in 1900 was desperate, while that of 1908, after seven years of Roosevelt, was merely ridiculous. The extraordinary thing is that the party which under Grover Cleveland had been made powerful and respectable, should have submitted to sixteen years of impotence under the leadership of a politician who, from the hour of his first repulse, became an established butt, an institution which might be described as a democratic substitute for the King's jester of old. And yet as politician Bryan enjoyed at least a vicarious triumph. Woodrow Wilson would not have been President if, at the nominating convention of 1912, the thrice-defeated candidate had not thrown his own contingent of delegates into the scale; and it was in return for this service that Bryan was appointed to the Secretaryship of State—the most singular misfit in the Foreign Offices of the world on the eve of the War, and probably the one that on the whole most profoundly influenced the course of history.

With the advent of Woodrow Wilson, the Bryanite period in American politics was closed. There was no possibility of Bryan's recovering his influence in the Democratic Party, and when, a year ago, the national convention refused to hear him he knew that his political day was done. Meanwhile, however, another field of activity had opened before him. Post-war America was ridden by a variety of terrors, which were displayed in the activities of the Ku Klux Klan, the American Legion and other "patriotic" organizations. As always after a great war, the Churches felt the disturbance. The heresy hunt was revived, and from the South and West there came evidences of a great uprising among the uneducated churchfolk, headed by their almost equally uneducated pastors, against liberalism in religion. The Fundamentalists took their stand upon verbal inspiration, the Virgin Birth, and the bodily resurrection. The great majority of them included among the fundamentals a belief in the early and visible Second Coming. The insistence upon such doctrines as these was the starting-point of a "drive" against modernist preachers and professors in many States; but it would appear that there was no marked development of the campaign against Evolution until Bryan and his associates adopted the policy of organizing, in some of the most backward Southern States, the attempt to carry laws penalizing the teaching of the elements of biology in modern terms. In

more than one State the attempt was successful. The Oklahoma legislature passed an anti-evolution law almost without knowing it. It was repealed as soon as its existence was realized. Tennessee adopted its now famous measure some four months ago. The Governor did not disapprove it, but he thought it could never be operative. It happened, however, that the American Civil Liberties Union, a most active body working from New York, was seeking a good opportunity of challenging the obscurantist Legislatures. It offered legal and financial support to anyone who would come forward to contest the Tennessee statute. The Scopes case was the direct outcome of this offer. The death of W. J. Bryan is its dramatic sequel. Its wider results will be of great importance, and they are not at present to be computed.

The passing of the Fundamentalist leader completely changes the situation. There is no public man to fill his place, and we may therefore conclude that the crusade against science will be changed in character, or at any rate in temper. Before the Dayton trial the school teachers and college professors of the backward States had made no concerted effort to stem the tide of obscurantism. They should now be heartened to take up the fight for their own profession. Pending the Scopes appeal, the anti-evolutionists are held up in their legislative campaign, but even so the science teachers in the public schools of the South will be obliged to think of themselves as insecure. In the Churches, presumably, the death of Bryan will make little difference. Liberal and modernist ministers, too long on the defensive, will certainly be driven to positive action, and there would be no surprise if in the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations the Fundamentalists should, within the next few years, force a movement of secession. Dayton, in any case, has provided much more than a comedy for the newspapers and a theatre for the closing act of Bryan's surprising career. It has thrown open the curiously sheltered communities of the Western and Southern States to the winds of the world; and it will in due course furnish the Supreme Court in Washington with the opportunity of pronouncing judgment upon a social and constitutional issue not inferior in importance to any that has arisen since the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence.

LIFE AND POLITICS

FOR three weeks in succession these notes have been written under the cloud of imminent crisis. This fact may be taken as evidence of a great social change, for under the old conditions such impressive pauses were not among the preliminaries of civil war. Mr. Baldwin has improved his standing with the nation by the efforts of the week. He could not, of course, simply follow the line indicated by a free-lance on the Opposition side, but on Tuesday he seems to have gone as near to the steps suggested here as the head of the Conservative Party could be expected to go. The profound absurdity of the conferences is that owners and miners have not once come together, and who can doubt that this absurdity has been talked about in half the households of Britain? "If science and faith never meet," says the Dean of St. Paul's in his latest contribution to a vexed subject, "they can never quarrel." That may be; but if Capital and Labour do not meet it is certain they can never agree. The man in the street is asking, Why can the Prime Minister in the hour of extreme peril not compel that meeting?

Lord Curzon's farewell to the world was perfectly in character. It could not have been anything else, for no member of the hereditary caste ever lived with less tolerance for drift or ragged edges. His last will, as distinct from the true testament, reveals the three traits we all knew: his fine public spirit, his intense self-consciousness, and his preoccupation with little things. Could anyone, I wonder, have thought of a last word more wonderful than the injunction as to the advisability of his widow's attention to her own marble effigy for Kedleston Church? As to the "literary testament," we may be sure of one thing. Lord Curzon wrote it for the world; and, I should judge, he so interwove the bequests and the apologia-indictment that, like the Treaty and the League Covenant, none should be able to pull them apart. In India, it may be recalled, he would occasionally write a desolating private minute, with an unmistakable eye on the obliging Press.

The personal losses to English journalism since the War have been so grievous that I can think now of only one possible retirement outside London, and not more than three in London, that would equal in importance the withdrawal from the "Manchester Guardian" of Mr. C. E. Montague. I first came to know his work in the time of the Boer War, when he and Leonard Hobhouse made a resonant partnership in the leading columns. Ever since those far-off days he has been a stimulus and a joy. Where, indeed, is the journalist with a care for his craft who has not followed with admiration and envy the triumphs of that princely pen—in political conflict, in dramatic and literary criticism, in travel sketch and satiric essay, in the memory and reflection which enshrined the Disenchantment of a spirit as fine and mature as any that threw itself into, and transcended, the War? My friend Haslam Mills, in his centennial monograph on the "M. G.," drew a little picture of toiling juniors in the editorial corridor, resolved before they die to write like Montague. They never will. Nor would it do: for the style of C. E. M., a beautiful pattern as it flows from him, would be a deadly thing in imitation. He turns now from columns to books, and from the grey pastures of his long service to the English country which he knows as one knows a beloved face.

In a summer peculiarly free from sensational crime (here is one aspect of its exceeding goodness) the evening papers have had to make the most of the Baldwin Raper divorce case. I should like to know whether any citizen of ordinary sense and sensibility could, after reading the report, find very much to say in favour of our Divorce Court, its assumptions and its procedure. The judgment is doubtless unassailable; but will anyone assert that the salient facts concerning a miserably mated pair are to be arrived at by the methods followed in this suit? The Judge sat without a jury. He found himself obliged to refuse a hearing *in camera*. He could not accept any of the wife's evidence. His remarks upon that part of her testimony which referred to alleged special cruelty were of intense interest to students of psychology. He displayed a simpleheartedness that is rare to-day, even on the High Court bench. Thus, more than once he expressed a pained astonishment that any man or woman not compelled to attend should stay in court, and he avowed ignorance of the social practices of the set to which the parties belonged. Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, on behalf of the husband, delivered an attack upon the wife which is described as driving her to tears. And he declared that the dead public man accused, on a pencil slip, was not Milner

or Curzon—an announcement that must surely strike all England with anger and amaze. I attempt no comment upon this extraordinary affair.

When an admired leader-writer begins his article with a reference to "the painfully sudden death" of W. J. Bryan, I find myself asking why we journalists care so little about the precise meaning of words. The great majority of churchgoers nowadays, I imagine, pass over the prayer to be saved from sudden death: but, in any case, think of Bryan. "T. P." says rightly that he had known "some of the most glorious hours that ever came to a man," and a few of these had been his at Dayton. He had stood once again at the centre of the national stage, and had sweated the joy of battle. On his last day he delivered as a sermon a speech that he had hoped to fire off at his scornful opponent in court; enjoyed a Sunday dinner of the kind that has made Tennessee famous; lay down to sleep, and died so quietly that no one heard a sound. If that is a shocking or a painful end, then Balaam—a prophet, doubtless, whom dear old Bryan delighted in—knew a great deal less after the illuminating talk with his beast, than most of us have thought (Numbers xxiii. 10).

It is odd that while all the daily journalists are quoting Bryan's famous sentence (which, as we know, he lifted from a contemporary and transmuted), "You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," it has not occurred to one of them that they apply forcibly to present conditions in England.

The assiduous friends of Dr. Annie Besant brought together at the Institute of British Architects one of the varied crowds which that astonishing veteran can always command. They listened in wonder, as well they might, to the old warrior, within sight of her eightieth year, making a speech in the grand manner of the 'eighties. Dr. Besant's single purpose on her present visit is to further the scheme of Indian self-government embodied in the draft Commonwealth of India Bill. For the most part, her audience the other evening could not be expected to follow her exposition of detail; but they loved her idyllic description of the Indian village community, knowing nothing for thousands of years of the wicked European inequality between the sexes. And, as Dr. Besant kept time to the rhythm of her peroration, they hailed with delight her vision of the Indian cavalry breaking over the hill in the darkest hour of the retreat in 1914! The Indian contingent, it is true, was still a long way east of Marseilles: but what matter a few more or less of those angels on the road from Mons?

There will be the keenest interest in the autumn over the transfer of two gifted and famous young academic lecturers. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, once a Fellow of Magdalen, goes back to Oxford as University Reader in Economics, and will be attached to University College. Mr. Julian Huxley, of New College and the University Laboratories, becomes Professor of Biology at King's College, in the University of London. Mr. Huxley is thus given a metropolitan sphere of influence comparable with that of his illustrious grandfather. Mr. Cole's appointment is an interesting challenge to those foreign critics who have been saying that there is no place in the old universities of England for a teacher of strikingly modernist tendency.

An American minister gives me this, from a puzzled fellow-countryman, on Fundamentalism: "I see the fun in it, and the dam in it; but I'm darned if I can see the mental in it!"

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE SHANGHAI SHOOTING.

SIR,—In your issue of July 25th you express the opinion (with which we are in complete agreement) that the appointment of a judicial tribunal to inquire into the Shanghai shooting incident "inevitably bears the appearance of an attempt to burke the report presented by that (i.e., the Diplomatic) Commission and the recommendations which the Diplomatic Body is reported to have made."

May we point out that, in addition to the inquiry made by the Diplomatic Body, there has also been a judicial inquiry? The Shanghai Mixed Court, on June 9th, 10th, and 11th, had before it for trial the students arrested in connection with the shooting before the Laoza Police Station on May 30th. The Court found that there was no evidence that any of the accused had done anything illegal or shown any violence, and ordered their immediate release.

We have read the evidence of this trial, as reported in the "Shun Pao," an old-established Shanghai paper with a very wide circulation, and we think that the British public should know that Inspector Everson, who ordered the shooting, and other police, admitted:—

1. That Inspector Everson warned the crowd of 2,000 persons before the police station only by holding up his pistol and calling out "Ting, Ting!" ("Stop, stop!").
2. That only those within a radius of a few feet could have heard his words or seen his gesture.
3. That he ordered "Shoot to kill" within ten seconds of giving this very inadequate warning.
4. That no attempt was made to shoot in the legs, that no blanks were used, and that the fire-hose was only used after the shooting had taken place.

There was also a great deal of evidence (including that of Police-Inspector Weekes) that the students carried no instruments of violence, that they offered no resistance when arrested, but were going quietly, and that the great crowd was attempting to disperse when the shooting took place. Dr. Davenport, Director of the Jen-Ji Hospital, and other medical men testified that some of the killed and wounded men were shot in the back.

In view of this evidence (which has now been published in the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Daily Herald"), is it surprising that the Diplomatic Commission, having presumably heard the same evidence, recommended the dismissal of the Chief of the Shanghai Police and of Inspector Everson, who ordered the shooting?

Can you tell us what purpose a further judicial inquiry can serve, except to put off the day when those who have admitted their responsibility for shooting, in the above circumstances, are dealt with?

How can it fail to acerbate relations between our two nations to continue in office the British police officers who have made such admissions? How is it expected that the great feeling among the Chinese will die down and normal conditions be restored, so long as we receive no satisfaction, and no regret even is expressed, for the killing of our unarmed boys and men? And, to look at it from the British point of view, meanwhile the strike continues and the losses to British trade accumulate.—Yours, &c.,

Y. C. Li,
Chinese Information Bureau.

65, Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

"THE ATMOSPHERE OF FASCISM"

SIR,—I congratulate you on your success in the art of misrepresentation as evidenced in the article on "The Atmosphere of Fascism." It must have given a totally wrong impression to thousands of people, for whose sake I will try to show things in their true light.

In that article, if I remember rightly, you busy yourselves with (1) Fascist outrages; (2) the curtailment of the Liberty of the Press. The outrages you relate fall into two classes: (a) political outrages, (b) criminal outrages which happen to be done by Fascists.

The political outrages are of the vicious circle of retaliatory atrocities, in this case provoked by the far worse Socialist and Communist atrocities of the pre-Fascist era (Deputy Matteotti's crimes at Ferrara, the murder of the sailors at Milan, &c.). These are to be regretted, but,

human nature being what it is, they are inseparable accessories to a revolution. I have yet to learn that Fascists have done anything quite so vile as that which the Whigs (eighteenth-century Liberals) did in the Valley of Glencoe. Every movement, even Christianity itself, is stained by these excesses.

The second class of ordinary criminal outrages are also unavoidable—there are black sheep in every fold. If, as you say, the juries do not convict these wretches, it is indeed inexcusable, and a return to the bad old days before the Fascist Revolution. Nevertheless, do not think that warped judgment is peculiarly Italian—I, when "Ras" of Fori, always punished Fascist offenders harder than any others; and I know of English criminals—politicians—who have never been brought to judgment and never will be.

The Fascist curtailment of the Liberty of the Press has been severely criticized. It is a question whether the Liberty of the Press does more harm than good (your Mr. Chesterton thinks it is an evil thing), but in Italy the curtailment of that questionable liberty was a matter of political expediency. The Fascisti have no Press worth talking about. The Liberals, in their half-century of rule, have built up a splendid instrument of propaganda in their Press. When the Fascisti had gained power they found their enemies alone had the ear of the public. They therefore tried to build up a powerful Press of their own. This was found impossible—one cannot build up a Press in a day. The only course left to them was to reduce their enemies to an equal footing with them by suppressing the Liberal and Socialist Press.

Cease this hate-mongering; this hurling of abuse which only denotes lack of confidence in one's cause. If I liked, I could write a venomous article in the Italian Press, entitled "The Atmosphere of Constitutionalism," as evidenced in modern England. I could name English politicians who, when guilty of the most despicable crimes, were never brought to trial, but were even promoted; I could talk about the contemptible weakness of the English Parliament, which cannot even prevent a calamity of the first order, such as the coming coal strike; I could say how the Liberty of the Press has become the Rule of the Press. But it would be grossly exaggerated, because looking only on the dark side. England would regard it as an insult, and rightly. So does patriotic Italy regard such articles as insults.—Yours, &c.,

R. GHERARDINI.

THE REGISTRATION OF VOTERS

SIR,—I think very serious protest should be made on the procedure for registration of voters in County districts. At present it seems that any person arbitrarily or carelessly left off the Register must first object in writing and then attend a Court at least nine miles away in the middle of the morning, or certainly in working hours, to support his or her "claim."

My husband and I are quite clearly entitled by residence and freehold property ownership to local and Parliamentary votes in our County division. We have been in the neighbourhood four years. When we find we are not on the Register, instead of being immediately put on and receiving a polite apology, we are told to attend a Court and support our "claims."

It is possible for us to do so, but what of the many people who work from dawn till dark and whom some careless or ill-intentioned registration official may pass by? They cannot be nine miles from home at 11 o'clock in the morning.

I had always understood that it was the bounden duty of local authorities to make inquiries when objections were lodged, and only to summon the objector to appear if the case was a really doubtful one.

To ask people to make and support "claims" suggests a doubt which to a person who has been arbitrarily robbed of an obvious right is most insulting.

I appeal to "Overseer" and to all overseers to protect the poorer voters, and in particular to fight for the hundreds of thousands of women of twenty-one who get robbed of their local government votes. It is another absurdity that the married woman of twenty-one cannot have a local government vote, though the single woman renting unfurnished rooms can.—Yours, &c.,

DORA RUSSELL

Carn Voel, Porthcurno, Penzance.

"CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE"

SIR,—Previous experience of Mr. Richard Aldington's methods has taught me to expect from him neither fair play nor even elementary politeness, but in justice to M. René Lalou I wish to correct the impression conveyed by your reviewer (*THE NATION*, June 27th) that the English version of "Contemporary French Literature" has been ineptly cut. Before M. Lalou's text was sent to the translator I edited it for the purpose of making the book shorter and more suited to the requirements of American readers. Every cut was approved of by the author, who expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which his text was shortened without in any way doing violence to the character of the original work. I realize, as Mr. Aldington suggests, that it was grossly presumptuous of the French publisher to entrust such a book to M. Lalou, rather than to Mr. Aldington's friends Mr. Flint and "the village barber," and that M. Lalou is the last person in the world qualified to decide whether the abbreviated edition is or is not unworthy of the French edition. But I suggest that, until Mr. Aldington produces some proof of the manner in which my cuts have injured M. Lalou's book, your readers may credit the author with knowing whether I have served him ill or not.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST BOYD.

131, East 19th Street, New York City.

LANDMARKS IN MODERN ART

VI.—SYNCRETISM*

By CLIVE BELL.

THE most romantic figure amongst nineteenth-century painters was not a romantic. With his exotic air, glorious eyes, passionate countenance, dandiacal ways, and early death hastened, they say, by alternate excesses of love and work, Chassériau deserves at least what was never refused to Ovid—that the ladies should have a kindness for his memory. What we, critics and impartial amateurs, are to think of him, must depend of course on other considerations. But this I will say, to admire Chassériau for his eyes and ardours is quite as sensible as to admire him for having been the master of Puvis de Chavannes.

Yet for that it is many critics and amateurs seem to admire him most; though in so doing they are about as reasonable as one who should admire Scott because he was the master of Manzoni. Which notwithstanding, the association of names may be turned to account, since it permits us to contrast Chassériau's fragment (*La Paix*) in the Louvre with Puvis de Chavannes' *St. Geneviève* in the Panthéon. Take the famous and much reproduced blessing of the child saint: it is simply an adequate piece of nineteenth-century religious painting, not much superior to Burne-Jones at his best, though better than Maurice Denis. Its merit, like that of a Burne-Jones, consists in the manifestation of a sincere though not very sensitive appreciation of the Italian

* Part I. appeared in *THE NATION* of November 1st, 1924; Part II. on January 3rd, 1925; Part III. on February 21st; Part IV. on March 28th; and Part V. on May 30th.

primitives. The whole thing comes out of Giotto; and less out of the great composer than out of that rather wooden imitator of Roman sculpture, which was Giotto too: it comes out of Giotto by way of Benozzo Gozzoli. The figures are disposed according to a sound tradition; but in the figures themselves, in the drawing and painting, there is neither beauty nor personality. All is stiff and unfelt; in fact the thing is academic, conventional to the smallest gesture, only it is of an academy which taught painting and design before Raphael was heard of. Good judges, when it was painted, liked it, as they had liked the Pre-Raphaelites, because it was neither in the dreary classical nor the vulgar sentimental convention of the age, but reminded them of a noble past. To-day it reminds us only of late nineteenth-century ecclesiasticism.

Turn now to the Louvre and contemplate the fragment of Chassériau's decoration. The elements of which it, too, is composed are conventional: Peace, young mothers with babies, men ploughing, reapers, harvesters, corn and wine. But there the formula ends. The adorable beauty of these figures is to me one of the most moving things in nineteenth-century painting. And how unlike the calculated disposition of Puvis' chessmen is the marriage of these fluent lines and colours. All is large; nothing pompous. Figures match landscape; human forms, trees and sheaves, vines and oxen, twine in and out of each other, but never out of the composition, without clash and without interruption. And then compare details; where the forms of Puvis were cut out of cardboard these are sensibly modelled in the very stuff of beauty. They are classical; from Greece they come; but they have passed through some strange region where the ardours and languors of the tropics have softened the Parian contours. "C'est un Indien," said Gautier, "qui a fait ses études en Grèce." That is one way of looking at it—the psychological way. The historian might say—and what he said would be strictly true—it is a pupil of Ingres who has come under the spell of Delacroix. Neither explanation by itself is adequate. In the art of Chassériau there is a clash of temperaments and a clash of styles.

As Chassériau is generally described as a Creole, I dare say he was one. There is something fabulous about his early history and I cannot learn for certain the maiden name of his mother. All I know is that he was born towards the end of 1819 at Samana in Saint-Domingo, and that his father, a man of ability and adventurous spirit, ended his days as consul at Porto-Rico. Théodore was an extravagantly precocious child. At the age of ten he had made up his mind, not only that he wished to be a painter, but that he wished to paint like M. Ingres. Through the good offices of Amaury Duval into M. Ingres' studio he went; and in the year 1836, when he was less than seventeen, had a picture in the *Salon*: stranger still, this picture "The Return of the Prodigal" (Musée de la Rochelle) is a work of some merit. At this point Ingres returned to Rome to take charge of the Villa Médicis, and failed to take with him his favourite pupil. Favourite, the epithet is perhaps excessive: at any rate the master recognized from the first his pupil's prodigious talent, and felt so bitterly what the old tyrant was pleased to consider his subsequent treason that he would avert his eyes or hold up a coat-tail when he had to pass one of Chassériau's pictures.

But was it likely the young Chassériau was going to waste his golden years with the tame apes of Ingres? Inevitably he came under the influence of Delacroix; inevitably made friends with the brilliant generation of 1830; inevitably was discovered by Théophile Gautier.

He did not forget, however, what he had learnt from his first master; and the rest of his short life—he died in '57—is consumed in a passionate effort to combine the tyrant's narrow and terrific intensity with the generous profusion of Delacroix. Out of these he had to forge an instrument capable of expressing his own contradictory nature.

For the contradiction was in his own temper: Ingres and Delacroix were but the flints that struck out the conflicting sparks. To quell the conflict by fusing the flashes of inspiration was Chassériau's problem. In the rind, to change my metaphor, his genius was exquisitely classical. He loved Greek art as it was possible to love it in the middle years of the nineteenth century; and never, since it was created, has it been better, or perhaps so well, understood. The eighteenth century understood it so ill that it confounded Greek with Roman. As for the areopagite David, Flaxman had a surer sense of the glory that was Greece. But with the end of the war, the Elgin marbles, and the habit of making pilgrimages to Athens, artists and amateurs began to realize that there was a beauty, something more than human and less than abstract, infinitely grander than anything Rome had dreamed of and subtler than anything the high renaissance had achieved. This was Hellas: this it was Chassériau instinctively understood; of this a sense ran out of the tips of his fingers. This instinctive understanding made him the greatest decorator of the nineteenth century. No matter how furiously his temper might boil and bubble, he never lost hold of his sense of beauty. With bewildering fecundity he continued to create suave forms at once expressive and comprehensible, at once decorative and of an adorable purity.

But inside the rind was something utterly un-Greek, something hardly European for that matter. Inside was a paradoxical compound of ardour and lethargy. What he had to express, and to express classically, was a sense of what life might be if only time would stand still and allow us to walk round our fiercest desires, contemplating and enjoying them languidly. And in his happiest achievements—*Suzanne*, *Vénus Anadyomène*, *Andromède*, *Les Troyennes*, *Esther*, *Apollon et Daphné*, *Sappho*, *Mlle. Cabarrus*, the decorations for *La Cour des Comptes*—he has succeeded. He has succeeded in giving us the rind and the pulp; and I suppose it is this simultaneous administration of bitter and sweet enveloped in forms at once rigid and yielding which gives his work that seductiveness which may lead us—which may have led me—to overestimate its essential value.

If I have been seduced into exaggeration I cannot complain of having been taken unaware. One morning I remember, coming from a visit to a private collection of Chassériau's pictures, I had the happiness to get a nod from an *amazone* who was cantering up the Bois. One of the most deliciously feminine creatures imaginable, she looked, in her English-cut habit, starched stock, stiff hat, shiny boots and spurs, more feminine than ever. I remember wondering, at the time, whether perhaps I had not done more than justice to the master of the *Vénus Anadyomène*.

However that may be, certain it is that one can easily and excusably form an absurdly wrong idea of the art of Chassériau. If the judgment of some has been debauched by his exotic grace, others have been betrayed by their own carelessness into an accusation of plagiarism. At the age of thirty-seven—the age at which Chassériau died—a painter is either on the broad road which ends in the Academy or a student still. Chassériau by the study of Delacroix was still trying to enrich his palette. In the course of those studies he

painted pictures which are nothing more than imitations, sometimes charming, sometimes feeble, of that master. To judge Chassériau by such experiments as *Intérieur de Harem* or *Arabes se défilant* is more misleading than to judge Raphael by the Mond Madonna. Also, it is perfectly true that from his pencil drawings the influence of Ingres is never absent: neither is the influence of Titian absent from the paintings of El Greco. But neither Ingres nor Delacroix ever breathed, much less expressed, that atmosphere of gentle, hesitating, effective sensuality which Chassériau created for Alice Ozy and La princesse Belgioioso to inhabit. Chassériau was no plagiarist: you may call him syncretist if you like odd names.

Essentially he was a decorator; wherefore it is an extraordinary misfortune that, though he has been dead not seventy years, of his vast decorative work next to nothing remains. On the rare mornings when there is light enough in Saint-Merry or Saint-Philippe-du-Roule to see what time, and neglect which amounts to Vandalism, has spared, one sees that it is so little as to be hardly worth the immense trouble of seeing it. His masterpiece, the decoration of the staircase at the Palais d'Orsay, the work of four years, was destroyed by communists. Fragments were saved: of these three only are to be seen; the rest moulder, I suppose, in the cellars of the Louvre. To destroy works of art seems to me inexcusable always; but practical people hold, I know, that in a struggle for power nothing can be sacred from military necessity. When the Palais d'Orsay and some twenty more of the most beautiful monuments of the most beautiful of great cities were destroyed the struggle was over; there was no military purpose to serve. The burning of Paris was an act of vulgar spite. Wherefore, when business or pleasure takes me into the neighbourhood of the *mur des Fédérés*, I, too, raise my hat, in memory.

THE BALLET SEASON

By POLLY FLINDERS.

ANOTHER Russian Ballet Season has come to an end, leaving us, as usual, not indifferent; rather, disturbed; to some degree exhilarated. That we should be thus affected provokes speculation: Why has the Ballet this perennial power? I will attempt to answer, but personally. To begin in the proper place, Diaghileff (he is famous enough to be named impolitely, like a peer or a historical character) is at the bottom of it all. His enormous personality stands between us and the stage; between us and a particular form of pleasure; he is a purveyor; but a purveyor not as one might be in fact, but in the imagination; he is the magnificent, the essential go-between. But here we are again confronted by mystery; there have been other powerful *entremetteurs* who have had greater successes, but with less glamour. Why is Diaghileff different from these? Because he is dazzling and dangerous. And why is he so? Because he believes in the first-rate. Reader, this is rarer than you would at first suppose. Examine London: of what theatre-manager, producer, editor, patron, public benefactor, can the same be said? Who has had the courage simply to provoke and to endow the best, without fear, without compromise, with integrity? Is there one? And yet imagination is probably still the greatest force in the world; but we forget, and since our poets even are sceptical, the word rusts, the idea dies. A fog of democratic dullness seems to cover the earth, our insipid chiefs pander to insipidity; our Cæsars rot of the sleepy sickness. The

lowest standards are encouraged; stupidities, timidities, vulgarities, fostered, when suddenly (as in the history books) a man arises whose eyes, being above the wadding of fog, are aware of islands floating in the heavens—ideas. He calls attention to the extraordinary fact, he insists, and his words have a mysterious power. They are different, dazzling, and dangerous. To those who wallow in the slough of despond and of commonplace they are as a pipe and a song. How, except by this force of imagination, could Diaghileff have imposed on a popular audience the works of Picasso, Derain, Matisse, Stravinsky, Debussy, Nijinsky, Massine, Poulenc, Milhaud, Marie Laurencin, Braque? In picture galleries, in concert rooms, in music halls, these artists have been ridiculed by all but the most intelligent; under the protection of Diaghileff they have been received with enthusiasm. Like a superb general he has marshalled the mob and led them to victory. One cannot help enjoying the thought of his satisfaction in making the rare, the exquisite, the lovely, the extravagant, acclaimed by the common, the blunt, the hideous, and the dull. So might the world be changed, one fancies, in a night. So might be insinuated into the ears of men a continuous poison urging to excitement and delight. Diaghileff has now and then, for no apparent reason, thrown meat to wild beasts; at any rate, the least said about such ballets as "The Sleeping Princess" and "Aurora's Wedding" the better. Even great generals must loose a few battles; no matter, his victories are remembered; and we remember "Petrouchka," "The Three-Cornered Hat," "La Boutique Fantasque," "Pulcinella." We remember the campaigns famous for the astonishing collaboration of painters, musicians, choreographers, dancers; the best of our age producing surprises, inventions, beauties, witticisms, in a continuous chain; we remember single events such as the first appearance of Derain's curtain and of Picasso's curtain and dresses in "The Three-Cornered Hat" as a renewed miracle; for these two painters, whose works the multitude would have ignored had they been hung in the Royal Academy, and reviled had they been hung anywhere else, here immediately caused the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the dying to take up their beds. . . .

Our favourite ballets? It would be amusing to collect under the summer trees and discuss this question; to compare this season with others, the present dancers with the old; to evoke those moments, those movements, which seemed to each of us most charming. It would be interesting to discuss the relative importance of the decorator, the musician, the choreographer; to try to discover the ingredients of a perfect ballet. We should invite Diaghileff to join our party, and then we should implore him to return, to take a theatre for the winter, and to give us three ballets a night. Should we not in some respects ask him to mend his ways; beg him to desist from sandwiching his masterpieces between the performances of clowns and acrobats, beg him to recall Massine? After establishing the variety of our tastes, should we not agree in these respects and give very good reasons for our complaints? For instance, two of the new ballets of this year, "Les Facheux," designed by Braque, and "Les Biches," designed by Marie Laurencin, both very lovely to look at, fail from feeble choreography, whereas the latest ballet, "Les Matelots," whose decoration by Pruna is far less interesting than that of the other two, is raised almost to the level of a first-rate ballet by the brilliant arrangements of Massine. Might we not insist, too, that we miss his dancing as we do Lopokova's? In "La Boutique Fantasque," in "The Good-humoured Ladies," their

places have never been filled, good as the present dancers are. Then this season no ballets with music by Stravinsky have been given; what an addition one even would have been! And how lovely all are! "Petrouchka," "Fire-bird," "Pulcinella," "Noces," they stand out above all the new ones . . . but perhaps we should not cavil, for new talent should be tried, and the two finest ballets of all have continuously been given. To my mind "The Three-Cornered Hat" and "La Boutique Fantasque" are completely lovely. The decorations are magnificent, the choreography by Massine, the music pleasing and stimulating. Perhaps the Picasso, owing to the extraordinary beauty of the dresses and the simple proportions of the scene, satisfies the eye most; but as I write, how treacherous seem the words, when simultaneously into the mind's eye leaps Derain's strangely moving invention!

I confess to a curious seduction by the "Boutique Fantasque," but wherein it lies is hard to say, or who exactly is responsible for it. Sometimes I think that no other ballet, except "Petrouchka," has this sort of quality; a quality which is complicated and stirring; a quality which implies contact with life in a nearer way than the others; which combines satire, wit, sentiment, and caprice; which conveys allusions, comparisons; indicates desires, passions, perversities, illusions; pain and pleasure—ah! but these are formed in the womb of old Literature—to her then most honour is due; to her is my allegiance.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

"THE Czarina," by Melchior Lengyel (the author of "Typhoon") and Ludwig Biro at the Lyric Theatre, is that rare thing, an intelligently constructed costume drama. The heroine is related in character to the Duchesse de Suresnes in "Our Betters," outrageously undisciplined, but frank and rather amusing. The plot is concerned with the delay in the signing of a treaty between Russia and France, due to the fact that the Russian Empress (Catherine II.) casts a favourable eye on a young officer before the Chancellor has time to introduce the new French Ambassador whose charms are to secure her signature to the treaty. There are melodramatic conspiracies and comicalities, and by the fall of the curtain the young officer is done with, the treaty is signed, and the French Ambassador is established as imperial favourite. The production unfortunately is poor and the casting not very successful. As Catherine, Miss Dorothy Dix looks handsome, and technically she is a very well equipped actress. But she lacks variety of mood. Besides, she is too young for her part. Mr. George Relph is unconvincing as the favoured young officer, and Mr. Ivan Samson is out of place as the French Ambassador. The part of the wily Chancellor puts no tax on Mr. Leslie Faber's talents, but he gets all the humour and intelligence and grace that are to be got out of it.

The seven scenes from the story of Jeanne d'Arc given by the children of The Hall School, Weybridge, formed a work of art. In these scenes the peasant girl, as she remained from first to last, is successfully disentangled from the Saint and national heroine. As Anatole France said to a friend when he was writing his "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc," "This maid is too much for me. You don't know where to get hold of her. . . . However you start in to tell the story of her you'll make everyone furious. . . . The point is to finish our liberal and republican monument before the priests hoist her up on their altars." Miss Gilpin, who wrote the play, taking the words as far as she could from the text of Jeanne's trial as quoted by Anatole France, empha-

sized the bedrock qualities of the peasant girl: faith, courage, and, if necessary, submission. The play was entirely in French, exquisitely spoken by the forty children who took part. The keynote of the whole was simplicity, the dressing-up and the scenery being reduced to a minimum. The songs introduced were poems by Charles d'Orléans, who was a prisoner in England while Jeanne was alive. The music for one of these poems, "Les fourriers d'été sont venus," which was sung by the children in the enchanted wood at Domrémy, was written by Miss M. M. Harrison. Each time Jeanne's Saints, St. Margaret and St. Catherine, appeared to her, the same music was played by a trio of strings—movements from Corelli's Fifth Sonata. The whole play was very moving. One would not have thought it possible for children to express such real feeling so unconsciously. In Miss Gilpin's hands these scenes reached at moments what Anatole France would have called "the sublimity of simplicity."

After seeing the ballet "Les Matelots" it is interesting to see M. Pedro Pruna's designs and sketches for the *décor*, which are being shown at the Claridge Gallery in Brook Street. M. Pruna, at the age of twenty-two, has accomplished something which, if not in itself entirely successful, shows remarkable promise. At present he is so completely under the influence of Picasso, and his drawings remind one so insistently of that artist, that the frank imitation, which M. Pruna has not the strength nor the experience to support, becomes a little tedious. Yet it is clear that he has qualities of his own, a considerable sensitiveness in his drawing, a feeling for composition and colour, which are perhaps better seen in the sketches than in the final result on the stage, where the great enlargement seems to show up a certain weakness, and sometimes confused passages, in the drawing. There are also to be seen here some "masks for the theatre," by Mr. Oliver Messel: these are purely representational in a manner derived from Beardsley, and of little artistic value.

OMICRON.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

(FROM "AN INTRODUCTION TO EUROPEAN AFFLUENCE.")

SUPERBLY situated on a Lake
World-famed beyond the costliest Prima Donna
Who ever gargled a Puccini shake,—
The Grand Hotel (superimposed upon a
Villa evolved in vanished centuries
And denizen long since by real grandees),
While publishing on poster and prospectus
Its quite unique attractions which await us,
Refrains from offering to resurrect us
To an austere degree of social status.

Resolved to satirize Hotels-de-Luxe,
Shyly I sift the noodles from the crooks
Beneath whose bristly craniums a cigar
Juts and transmutes crude affluence to ash.
The Grand Hotel asks nothing but their cash;
The Grand Hotel contains a cock-tail bar
Where they can demonstrate by their behaviour
Hotel-de-Luxe aloofness from their Saviour.

(The English visitors have motored off
Into the mountains for a game of golf.)

The band concedes them Tosca with their tea.
Bored and expensive babble clogs the air.
Between two smooth white columns I can see
Gold and vermilion tulips. . . . Ambushed there
I criticize the ambulant outer-covers
That, costume-conscious, enter and withdraw;
And in them all my satirist-self discovers
Prosperity that lives below the law. . . .

(You ask what law I mean. . . . Well, my impression
Is that these folk are poisoned by possession.)

Z. ZAZZON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

EVERY MAN'S ONE GOOD BOOK

ONE of the most hackneyed remarks of professional writers is that every one, if he only knew it, has the embryo of one good book in his head. The book is the story of his own life. There is some truth and a good deal of falseness in this belief. In the facts of most people's life there are the elements of what might be a great book. The elements of a most valuable chemical manure have existed in the atmosphere ever since in 4003 B.C. Cain became a tiller of the ground, but it required 5,917 years, a great war, and the ingenuity of the Germans before the celestial elements were successfully converted into manure. So, too, with the elements of great books which repose in the heads of the population, it takes a rare combination of circumstances to make their materialization possible. One element in the writing of good books, which even professional writers often forget, is the ability to write. The number of English writers who really wrote English prose has been, in every century, extremely small, and great books can only be written by great writers. The autobiography seems to be particularly difficult to convert into a book of the highest quality; there are any number of very good autobiographies, but there are few, perhaps none, which can be reckoned among the world's greatest books. It is significant that the autobiographies of great writers are rarely their masterpieces; the "Memoirs" of Gibbon, and Tolstol's "Childhood," are not comparable with "The Decline and Fall" and "War and Peace," and only Rousseau's "Confessions" occur to me at the moment as a possible exception to this rule.

It would, however, be foolish to require that every book must be one of the world's masterpieces. There is plenty of room for the good second-class book which depends for its merits mainly upon its subject matter. It is here that the autobiography has so many possibilities. Unfortunately, it is here, too, that the ordinary man or woman, who is no writer, persistently goes wrong. They have heard vague rumours that, when Gibbon sat down to write the "Memoirs of his Life," he began:—

"In the fifty-second year of my age, after the completion of an arduous and successful work, I now propose to employ some moments of my leisure in reviewing the simple transactions of a private and literary life. Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative";

and they think that they too can and must write the story of their lives in the style of "The Decline and Fall," a book which they have neither written nor read. They forget that it is not their business to "write," that we do not want them or expect them to be able to "write," that it is the facts and subject matter, not the language and style, which will make their books readable. If only they would just give us the bald story of their lives without thinking about language or literature, they would produce books of the greatest interest and amusement; as it is, more often than not, the reader has to dig the facts and amusement out of a dreary mass of pseudo-literature and clichés.

Two books have occasioned these reflections. One is "My Circus Life," by James Lloyd, with a preface by G. K. Chesterton (Noel Douglas, 5s.). Mr. Lloyd was born in 1845; he got his first engagement as a circus rider at the age of four and a-half, and he has been connected with circuses, either as performer or proprietor, ever since. He is in no sense a writer, and the meaning and grammar of his sentences are liable, at any

moment, to get out of his control. But he has the sense not to attempt to "write." He knows what he wants to say, and he just says it with the help of a great many full stops and a few commas. Every sentence is like the report of a gun, the explosion of a fact or more rarely of a thought. The result is not literature, but it is fascinating. As each sentence goes off with its pop, you see a scene from Mr. Lloyd's past, a fact in the life of a showman. And the life of a showman, as revealed in this way, is full of strangeness and adventure, though I must admit that, much as I enjoy seeing it in retrospect in Mr. Lloyd's pages, I should hate to live it in person.

The other book is "Fifty Years of Sport," by Lt.-Col. E. D. Miller (Hurst & Blackett, 21s.). Though Colonel Miller was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, his literary qualifications are not much higher than those of Mr. Lloyd. Unfortunately, unlike Mr. Lloyd, he has become aware of the existence of relative clauses and dependent sentences, and his book has, therefore, neither the brevity nor the explosive directness of the circus proprietor's. For all that it can be read with enjoyment and profit. Colonel Miller takes a high place in the world of polo, and he has spent the whole of his life in soldiering, games, and sports. He is simple-minded enough to present us with a fascinating glimpse into the life of the sporting upper classes before the war. (Occasionally he leaves the world of sport for less serious matters, and then his *obiter dicta* are delightful, e.g., "in any case Eastern nations are utterly unsuited, even if they had the education, for representative Government"; "no English officer is bribable.") In Colonel Miller's world the hitting of balls, the riding of horses, and the hunting, shooting, and spearing of animals make up the sum of reasonable existence, and the interest of his book lies not only in his stories of great polo players and mighty hunters, but in the sight of this obsession for sport working itself out in the lives of a large circle of people who obviously considered themselves to be "the cream of society."

I wish some one would write a book on the psychology of sport. Why is it that games become the absorbing possession of so many people even of intelligence? The most remarkable example that I have come across was on a liner going East. I was fifteen days on the boat, and I soon found that far the most intelligent man on it was a Major in a Line Regiment. When he discovered that people could discuss other subjects than cricket or football, he would often argue with me about the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. We spent most of our time together. But his passion for games was almost unbelievable. All day long he would play deck games, chess, and bridge. After dinner he would insist upon teaching me curious games which he had learnt from the Chinese or the Africans. We often used to sit on in the smoking room with the chief engineer, long after the lights had been put out, playing noughts and crosses (a game about which he had an elaborate theory) by the light of a candle. And always some time after midnight he used to say: "Now, Woolf, before we turn in, let's play the oldest game in the world." The oldest game in the world was a variation of fox and geese, which, he said, existed in every country in the world, and had some connection with Stonehenge. The variation which we played had been learnt by him in Siberia.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

MODERN POETRY

Contemporary Techniques of Poetry. By ROBERT GRAVES. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

A Poetry Recital. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)
Senlin: a Biography. By CONRAD AIKEN. (Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.)

I OPENED Mr. Graves's essay with high hopes, thinking that now at last I was to hear some considered and possibly illuminating words on a vexed question, or at all events was about to be enlivened by those nonsensical truth-in-untruth fireworks of criticism by which Mr. Graves occasionally stimulates and irritates his readers; but once more I met with disappointment, finding myself involved in an elaborate political analogy, with terminology of Left and Right Wing, and very little more than the most superficial examination into the state of the parties. In so far as the charge of superficiality goes, it is true that Mr. Graves covers himself by the introduction of the word "techniques" into his title; still, when after dealing with diction, metre, rhyme, and texture, he came to "Structure" and led off by observing that "the question of structure really concerns the legitimate relations of ideas within a poem," it was surely reasonable to hope that he might have something to say which should go near to the root of the matter. He is, however, more interested in the botany, zoology, and cæsuras of his poets than in the profounder and more revolutionary differences which divide them; more eager to point out that the Labour member wears a red tie and the Conservative member a top-hat, than to examine the convictions which sunder anarchy from traditionalism. His essay is disappointing, consequently, because he has dwelt so much upon the symbol and so little upon the underlying beliefs. When Mr. Eliot says, "It is not a permanent necessity that poets should be interested in philosophy, or in any other subject. We can only say that it appears likely that poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be difficult. Our civilization comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning," he has made a more penetrating observation in a few lines than Mr. Graves in the whole of his forty pages.

And, when all is said and done, what does it amount to, this rage for classification? A necessity in politics, in literature it would seem to be but a snare and a weariness, best left to the critics of posterity. Poetry is not, or at any rate should be only subconsciously, an affair of creed or fashion; it is an expression of personality, which cannot be learnt any more than the protean secret of personal charm or distinction can be acquired or defined. Indeed, I believe the jargon of poetical criticism to be a positive mischief to the working poet. This may be taking a romantic view; but as Mr. Graves is accustomed to express his opinions with vigour, no doubt he allows other people to share his privilege. I would give all Mr. Graves's critical volumes for another "Christ in the Wilderness."

Mr. Stephens's "Poetry Recital" includes several poems from his earlier books, such as "Geoffrey Keating," "Righteous Anger," and the ever-lovely "The Coolun," but it also contains some experiments in technique (oh, Mr. Graves!), which do not convince me of their success:—

"He wills
 To bé
 Alóne
 With théé:
 A ston'e;
 A stream';
 A sky';
 A trée.

"Note: the letters marked with an accent are to be prolonged for as long as it is possible to sound them. Count two beats of that duration at the end of each line, and for the silences between each verse. These sounds and silences are to be considered as one rhythmic utterance."

Why? Poor English language, that cannot carry its burdens without the prop of such sticks and crutches.

"Senlin: a Biography" impressed me greatly. Mr. Graves does not, unless I mistake, mention Conrad Aiken in his essay, but he would certainly place him among the poets of the Left, for "Senlin" is a dream, and Mr. Graves remarks, "The predominance of this fantastic dream-structure in Left-Wing poetry I read as a challenge to the disrespectful attitude which the practical man has towards dreams, nightmares, and fantasies." "Senlin," moreover, is a poem which cannot be taken in fully on a first or even a second reading. It is full not only of beauty, but of meaning; the identification of Senlin, for instance, with a wood, a desert, a city, a blade of grass, is a striking and wholly convincing device, and in Mr. Aiken's use of language (see Mr. Graves on diction) I find that freshness of word-association which somehow appears so frequently and so spontaneously in the work of American poets. "Senlin" is uneven in excellence; but taken as a whole it is a fine, moving, and important piece of work.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

FICTION

Flying Oap: Stories of New Russia. Translated by L. S. FRIEDLAND and J. R. PIROSHNIKOFF. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Humming-Bird. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
Black Swans. By M. L. SKINNER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE first trial sample of post-revolutionary Russian literature to reach England is a great disappointment. Obviously the translation must be partly to blame, for it has neither style nor taste, and gives one, indeed, the impression of having been written in American by people who have only begun to master the American language. Moreover, the principle of selection, as Mr. Alexander Chramoff makes clear in his introduction, has been as unsatisfactory as it could well be. "In selecting these stories," he says, "it was necessary to be guided not only by the merits of their subject-matter, and their interest for the Western reader, but also by their adaptability to translation." Now it is clear that all of these considerations are irrelevant in a literary sense. Subject-matter counts in a work of art, but not essentially; the interest of a story for Western readers obviously cannot be decided by any tribunal; and, as for the last point, all books are difficult to translate, and there are degrees of difficulty, but there is no point of difficulty at which a book can be called untranslatable, unless we call all books untranslatable, which they are in a very real sense. The faults of the volume are therefore many and damning: the principle of selection is arbitrary, the translations are bad, and the language is a modern American idiom which is almost as strange to us as the original. And, in addition to all this, the reader involuntarily gathers the impression that an unconscious censorship has been exercised by the translators, and that the stories included are those which political rather than literary prepossessions have permitted to pass.

If all this is so, it may partly account for the feeling that these stories have been written under a sort of tacit censorship. In none of them is there objectivity, in none freedom of mind or of imagination. All these writers praise the revolution, its agents, and its methods, and explicitly, as if they were addressing an audience which had to be convinced. They are all determinedly optimistic; they all glorify the man of action with more than Mr. Kipling's fervour; they are all propagandists. And one realizes all at once that any volume of stories by Russian writers who favour the Bolshevik régime was bound to have these qualities; that in a period of violent transition such as Russia has passed or is passing through, when everyone has had to take sides actively, it was impossible that pure literature, with all the liberty of mind and action, the disinterestedness it implies, should be able to exist. Like everything else, like industry, distribution, education, it must needs have in these circumstances a purpose outside itself: in the present case the advancement of the Bolshevik State.

The propaganda, then, was inevitable, even if it is disconcerting to meet it at every turn. The translation effectually prevents one from passing any judgment on the literary quality of these stories. One can faintly imagine that the longest story, "Hunger," by S. Semonov, might have been in the original a striking exercise in the naive-

pathetic; but in the translation it becomes uproarious farce. From Vsevolod Ivanov, the most remarkable, the introduction tells us, of the newer writers, only two very short but vivid extracts are given. The story which survives best the ordeal of translation is perhaps Lydia Seifulina's "The Law-breakers," a propagandist story, but one showing more independence than any of those written by the men. The world these stories describe is one where everybody lives in the moment; a world of vivid episodes, of new impressions, most of them painful, which follow each other so fast that there is no time for reflection. If there is little psychology, then, in these accounts, it is probably because, as Nietzsche said, psychology is the reward of idleness. The writers have time to flash the changing scene to the reader as it changes, but none for anything else except the propaganda which is still more urgent. And so, although the best stories are immensely graphic, the pictures lack the significance which the reflection of a free mind would have given them. But obviously for reflection there is neither time in Russia at present nor the favourable conditions, and one is driven to the banal conclusion that the literature of the revolution will not appear until the revolution is long past. It may be, however, that the stories in this volume are unrepresentative. One would like to see more of Ivanov's work.

"Humming-Bird" is a pleasant, sentimental, cheerful, adroitly managed story of an English girl's adventures with her own countrymen and with Italians. Eventually she marries Mario, the friend of her childhood, and shows good sense in preferring Rome and Chioggia to Manchester. Though an extraordinarily ill-written book, haphazard, jaunty, "Black Swans" has unusual vigour, especially in its Australian scenes. Miss Skinner is at her worst when she imitates Mr. Lawrence, and unfortunately she is almost always imitating him. But her chapters describing the aborigines, if uncritical, are vivid.

EDWIN MUIR.

"PATTLEDOM"

Memories and Reflections. By LADY TROUBRIDGE. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

ONE day in the early years of the nineteenth century a corpse burst the coffin in which it was contained on the deck of an East Indiaman and shot high into the air. The sailors, it is said, had drunk the embalming spirit dry; the widow, it is said, died of the shock. What remains of certainty is that the corpse was the corpse of James Pattle; that his widow was a French lady whose father had been page to Marie Antoinette and was exiled to India after the Revolution; that they left six daughters of surpassing beauty and one daughter of undoubted genius; and that without James Pattle a great many ladies of beauty and charm and wit and character, including Lady Troubridge herself, would never have existed. From how gifted, if eccentric, a stock Lady Troubridge is sprung we are made aware in the first and most amusing chapters of her recollections. For the seven daughters of that indomitable corpse ruled a Victorian empire, and to be a small child in the heart of Pattle-dom (as Sir Henry Taylor christened the sisters' dominion) was a fascinating if bewildering experience. Half French, half English, they were all excitable, unconventional, extreme in one form or another, all of a distinguished presence, tall, impressive, and gifted with a curious mixture of shrewdness and romance. No domestic detail was too small for their attention, no flight too fantastic for their daring. In the fervour of hospitality—and they could scarcely spend a day without company—a new window would be thrown out in a dark room to cheer an invalid's fancy; in the fervour of religion a laundry would be set up to wash the surplices of choir and clergy. Now Tennyson would be contradicted at his own table; now chased into his tower by Mrs. Cameron, who stood at the bottom of the steps vociferating "Coward! Coward!" until he slunk down and submitted himself to vaccination. Lady Troubridge, the daughter of a Gurney and a Prinsep, was brought up in the very heart of the sisterhood in the Prinseps' home at Little Holland House. From her childish angle she there beheld innumerable garden parties, and Watts and Tennyson and Meredith and Ellen Terry, until the rambling old house with its many gables and lawns was cut up into a street of villas, and the Prin-

seps and their troop of friends and relations departed for Freshwater. It was then that photography added a new element of excitement to their lives. With the enthusiasm of her race, Mrs. Cameron quickly became the best amateur photographer of her time, converted hen-houses into dark rooms, and parlourmaids into princesses. Setting sail in old age to visit her sons in Ceylon, she was last seen tipping porters with photographs in default of small change, while her coffin—for she was of opinion that the coffins of Ceylon were undependable—was borne before her stuffed with the family china. "They seem to me now," writes Lady Troubridge, "like grown-up children, with their superabundant energy, their untempered enthusiasms, their strangle-hold on life, their passionate loves and hates." It is strange to think, she adds, that all this energy and beauty are forgotten; yet something of their vitality remains. For though in the later chapters she has to deal with stirring times and people of importance, they do not compare for fun and vitality with those early years which she spent in the company of the daughters of the indomitable corpse.

A NOT INEVITABLE WAR

Great Britain and the American Civil War. By E. D. ADAMS. Two vols. (Longmans. 30s.)

THE post-war historian is tempted to regard the nineteenth century as a series of dramatic incidents which culminated in the tragedy of 1914. In this perspective the boasted triumphs of the century of progress seem merely the tragic irony with which Nemesis prepares the way for the destruction of the infatuated victim. But it is well to remember that, though many triumphs seem now only to throw the disaster of the climax into relief, there were some evils which we avoided. We can at least be glad that England kept a neutrality, even though a precarious one, in the American Civil War. England's neutrality was indeed so doubtful and her general attitude so pro-Southern that the American Minister in London, Charles Francis Adams, accused her of coldly assuming that the North could not conquer slavery and of "contributing in every indirect way possible to verify this judgment." Professor Adams has set himself the task of explaining England's attitude and describing the fluctuations of her policy. It is clear that on several occasions we were on the brink of war.

Those who are interested in the history of English opinion in the nineteenth century will find Professor Adams's book of great value. It might perhaps have been even more valuable if he had explained more carefully what he means by public opinion. He nowhere enumerates the different groups of opinion about America or explains exactly their connection with the newspapers from which he frequently quotes. He does not even tell us until a footnote in Volume II. what were the circulations of the important papers. It is probable that he would have found it illuminating if, instead of being content with knowing that the "Morning Post" was reputed to have been "Palmerston's newspaper," he had investigated the actual relationship between Palmerston and Algernon Borthwick, and, similarly, instead of noting only the diplomatic importance of certain business interests, he had also looked for the channels by which these interests affected newspaper readers. Professor Adams might have given us a bolder summary of his conclusions. No one could doubt his scholarly impartiality, but it seems that in his desire to retain it he has often refrained from letting us know what he judges to be the significance of the story he has told us.

Criticisms of this kind might be multiplied, but the main value of Professor Adams's book remains. He has brought a mass of new material to light and traces the main currents of English opinion with a sure hand. In the first place it is clear that England's attitude to America would have been quite different if the war had taken place a few years earlier or a few years later. It took place when England was still ruled by Palmerston and Lord John Russell: it was still a Whig, not a Liberal, England. England was still governed by an aristocracy, though it had taken into partnership the upper half of the middle-class. Modern Imperialism had not yet been invented: Labour was in its most quiet mood and Socialism seemed a disease of the past. It was the hey-

day of Parliament when minorities still agreed to give way until they became majorities. The Irish had not yet upset that most useful democratic convention, and the issue of private property had not been so violently raised that the ability of Parliament to carry out necessary changes was doubted. Finally the Crimean War had, for the moment, satisfied English militancy. Mr. Trevelyan is probably right in believing that, if England had not fought for Islam in the East, she would have fought for slavery in the West.

Under these circumstances the Cabinet was not very susceptible to popular clamour, and the policy actually followed was Lord John Russell's. It is astonishing how small a part the issue of slavery played. This was partly, no doubt, because the Northern States insisted many times that the war was not fought upon the question of slavery, but on that of secession. Bright and his friends, it is true, always proclaimed slavery the essential issue, and after Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation public meetings all over the manufacturing districts supported the Northern cause. But English policy was decided by different and even contrary considerations. English "honour" and English shipping interests were involved in the question of the "freedom of the seas," the searching of the "Trent," and the depredations of the "Alabama," and, more important still, Lancashire was laid waste by the cotton famine. Each of these issues brought us near to war: that we did not fight was due to the efforts of a few men among whom Bright and Prince Albert were conspicuous, and to the fact that there never came a moment when the issues were sufficiently simplified to make it possible for the newspapers to represent war as our immediate duty. The newspapers, indeed, did their best. The majestic "Times" changed its mind with a frequency only permitted to royalty, and almost all the Press, except the "Daily News" and Bright's tiny "Morning Star," clamoured for recognition of the South, though this necessarily involved war with the North. But the British only enter war when they are sure, not only that they will lose more by staying out, but also that they are morally obliged to fight. On this occasion, though they were not anxious to fight on behalf of the slaves, to fight for slavery stuck in the throats of English nonconformity. Moreover, Professor Adams has shown that the cotton kings themselves did not suffer appreciably by the cotton famine. On the contrary, in the first half of the war, at any rate, the blockade actually benefitted them as they had large stocks in hand, and, having no raw material, they were able to dismiss their workers and sell their existing stocks at an increased profit. About this they kept discreetly silent while Lancashire was turned into a charitable soup-kitchen, and the country believed that they were sharing in the national loss. Underlying all the fluctuations of opinion, however, was the contest between an aristocratic and a democratic conception of Government. Professor Adams has shown with great care how the assumption that the South could not lose the war was a conservative and aristocratic assumption, and how the triumph of the North stimulated the demand for a wider franchise and contributed directly to the consummation of Liberalism in England.

THE APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES

Paul of Tarsus. By T. R. GLOVER. (Student Christian Movement. 9s.)

WE are born Paulists or anti-Paulists, as we are born Platonists or Aristotelians: the literature of Paulinism is inexhaustible; and whether we regard it as a character-sketch of the Apostle or as a study of the system—and it is both—Dr. Glover's "Paul of Tarsus" is a book which will be, and deserves to be, widely read. The writer's Saturday papers in the "Daily News" are a distinct asset to what the Bidding Prayer calls "true religion and useful learning"; and the present work is on the same lines. Dr. Glover is a definite Paulist. St. Peter, it has been said, had he lived to-day, would have been a Roman Catholic; but St. Paul would have been a Presbyterian. This is, perhaps, to do St. Peter an injustice. But Protestant piety gravitates Paulward; and not Protestant piety only. From the first, the influence of the Apostle of the Gentiles in the religious sphere has been predominant; if there was any supremacy

in the Apostolic Church, says Bishop Lightfoot, it was not that of St. Peter, but of St. Paul. His epistles are not easy reading. "Wherein are some things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and unlearned wrest, as they do the other Scriptures, to their own destruction." No one ever understood Paul but Marcion; and he misunderstood him: his victory over Jewish Christianity was so complete that the case of his opponents has to be reconstructed by the ingenuity of modern critics; the original material has disappeared. He was neither an Augustinian, nor a Calvinist, nor a Jansenist; he was too sane to entangle himself in these muddy controversies. And the attempt to represent him as the founder of the Sacramental system of the later Church is an anachronism; for him, in spite—perhaps because—of its mystical element, there was no magic in the Lord's Supper—it was a community meal, not a miracle and a sacrifice. The conception which derives Christianity from the mystery religions has been pressed to a fantastic extent; it does not see the wood for the trees. With regard to Paul in particular:—

"Can it be seriously urged that his emphasis, broad and long, is sacramental, when, as Reitzenstein admits, he never refers to his own baptism—when the Sacrament is for him the Lord's Supper, and he does not use of it the language of the fourth Gospel; never hints at 'eating the flesh and drinking the blood'; when he never gets near a phrase like that of Ignatius, 'medicine of immortality and antidote of death'—when in setting forth to the Romans his conception of Christianity, he mentions baptism once, and the Lord's Supper not at all—when he thanks God that, one or two excepted, he had baptized none of the Corinthians? Is this the language of a sacramentalist, of Cyprian, or of any modern disciple of Cyprian?"

Dr. Glover regards his assertion that he "spoke with tongues," if it refers (as it evidently does) to glossolaly, as "perplexing and uncomfortable to a modern reader." It should not be so. Enthusiasm, which has the defects of its qualities, was the differentiating note of the first age of Christianity; and there are passages in the Epistles which, as Jowett says, "no one can read without feeling how different St. Paul must have been from good men among ourselves."

A. F.

SCHOOLBOYS IN LONDON

The London Comedy. By C. P. HAWKES. (Medici Society. 7s. 6d.)

The Heart of London. By H. V. MORTON. (Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

The Fringe of London. By GORDON S. MAXWELL. (Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

"I HAVE often amused myself by thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. . . . But the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." So, as everyone knows, said Dr. Johnson. But are his words quite true? Is it necessarily the sign of a narrow mind that a man should concentrate on his own business; and may it not follow that, the more "intellectual" he is, the more absorbed in some "particular pursuit"—or what is wrongly called "absent-minded"—he will be as he walks along Piccadilly or the Strand? Life may be a poor thing if "we have no time to stand and stare." But most people, after all, have no time for standing; the inexorable tide of business carries them from one engagement to the next. Now and again there may come to the lawyer or the doctor, or even to the stockbroker, a momentary revelation of London as London. But that vision of the metropolis as a whole—as a magnificent pageant of life, full of variety and of vivid contrasts—belongs normally to the intelligent schoolboy—especially, perhaps, to the schoolboy on a visit from the provinces—rather than to the man, "intellectual" or otherwise. The kaleidoscopic outlook of youth has, inevitably, its limitations. Its vision ranges over too wide a surface for it to probe very far beneath it. But it has the merits of freshness and vitality, and it is good for the world that some men retain the schoolboy spirit long after schooldays have been left behind.

Among such happy mortals are the writers of these three books. Mr. Hawkes, it is true, is less completely the

schoolboy than his companions. He plumbs at times more deeply into human nature than they, seeing characters as individual personalities and not as "types." There is a true creative touch, suggestive of Mr. Galsworthy's manner, in his slight portraits of the old club waiter or the "avalanche" of a sailor who, wounded in the Battle of Jutland, opens a small sweets-and-paper business in Knightsbridge. In such essays as "Horsesense," moreover, there is a mature, whimsical humour as distinct from a sense of "fun." But the schoolboy spirit constantly emerges, very pleasantly, in Mr. Hawkes, as when he revels in the bustle of Victoria Station or rejoices in the "sea atmosphere" of the Embankment and London Bridge. Like the schoolboy—only in careful, polished prose—he describes these places as if no one had seen them before.

Mr. Morton's little sketches, of which there are over fifty, were originally contributed day by day to a morning newspaper. It is not surprising, therefore, that their style is more journalistic than Mr. Hawkes's, though, considering the circumstances in which they were written, they are commendably free from carelessness. All is grist that comes to Mr. Morton's mill, whether it be the excavation of a City street, with suggested thoughts of Roman London, or a coffee-stall at midnight, a workman's train to Woolwich in the early morning, the Caledonian Market, or the Free Cancer Hospital. Mr. Morton has the journalistic eye for "romance," the journalistic ear for "the human note." But it is the one considerable virtue of his book that it is written with a genuine, and not a feigned, gusto. Mr. Morton has not grown up.

Mr. Gordon Maxwell, whose volume has some delightful illustrations by his brother, Mr. Donald Maxwell, is more essentially a topographer than Mr. Hawkes or Mr. Morton. But he also, as he explores little-known corners of London itself or wanders about its fringe—following John Gilpin's route to Ware, or visiting Wembley as distinct from "Wembley," or enjoying the attentions of a gipsy girl on Epsom Downs—is repeatedly breaking into a revel of high spirits; and in his case, too, it is just the schoolboy pleasure in life that gives attractiveness to work not otherwise distinguished.

WAGNER AND DRAMA

Wagner's Music Drama of the Ring. By L. ARCHIER LEROY. With Wood Engravings by PAUL NASH. (Noel Douglas. 12s. 6d.)

THE æsthetic problem of Opera is constantly being discussed, and yet little progress is made. The rival parties meet, contend, and agree to differ, without even arriving at the point where the exact nature of their differences becomes apparent. The reverence of the musician, the ill-concealed contempt of the theatre-goer, remain unabated. That is why one turns with pleasant anticipations to Mr. Leroy's book on the "Ring," but, alas, only to be disappointed. In so far as it is an opera-goer's guide to Wagner's tetralogy it is excellent, for the author shows subtlety in his analysis and intelligence in his selection. But the size of the book, its price, and the care that has been lavished by both printer and publisher on its production, lead us to expect something more. Mr. Barbor, too, in his Introduction, tells us that it is the aim of the author "to establish Wagner's claim to consideration as a man of the theatre." But he seems hardly to have realized what that claim implies.

The attempt to prove that Wagner's improvements in the mechanical technique of the theatre are "as significant as his contributions to the evolution of musical form and ideology" is not convincing. Mr. Leroy admits that he "failed to obtain realism and even *vraisemblance*," and attributes this to the inadequacy of the stagecraft of his days. Of course he failed to obtain it; for it is unobtainable with any stagecraft, and a true "Man of the Theatre" would never have tried to give a realistic setting to a form of art so essentially conventional as Opera.

But, as the author justly observes, to test the dramatic quality of the "Ring," we ought to ask ourselves, not, how Wagner would have staged it, but, whether it is capable of being effectively staged. Is the theme suitable? Mr. Leroy has remarked that its mere vastness, necessitating the division into four parts, treated sometimes separately, some-

times as a whole, causes a blurring of outline and much tiresome repetition. But he seems to have missed the significance of this, which is that the theme is epic rather than dramatic. It is akin to the "Odyssey," the "Divina Commedia," and "Paradise Lost," a subject for literature rather than for the stage. Through the written epic the reader moves as he pleases, at his own pace, pausing when he wishes, or retracing his steps to live a scene again. The drama hustles him along and allows no such liberties.

Wagner's poem, like Dante's, is symbolic. And symbolism is a literary rather than a theatrical device. A poem whose main purpose is symbolic may be effectively recited on the stage, as in the case of "Everyman," but it cannot successfully be acted as a realistic drama. Wagner has skillfully translated the literary language of symbolism into music by means of the *leit-motif*. The *motif* does not merely stand for a character and mark his stage entrances, exits, and actions; it also stands for the idea that is symbolized. It is a beautifully flexible medium, capable of subtle variations and of combination with other kindred ideas. By this union of literature and music Wagner has produced a unique work of great power, but it is foreign to the conventions of the stage.

The next point to which Mr. Leroy draws attention is Wagner's system of *Durchcomponieren*. The music moves continuously, not merely from moment to moment, but from scene to scene, binding the whole drama together and expressing in detail the emotional content of the story. Its form is therefore dramatic. But is dramatic music necessarily theatre music? If the music expresses the whole movement of the drama, is anything gained by adding action? A song by Wolf, in which the music steps with the emotional progress of the words, is, if interpreted but not acted, intensely dramatic. The type of song, on the other hand, that lends itself best to an accompaniment of action is the Folk Song, in which the music is quite undramatic and repeats itself unchanged from verse to verse.

Music that is *durchcomponiert* is perpetually moving. How is that movement to be expressed by the actors? If they were delivering the whole burden of the message, as in spoken drama, it might be done. But in the "Ring" the chief exponent is the orchestra, and the solid immobility, or meaningless antics, of the bodies on the stage is often merely a drag on the action of the music. The natural way for man to express the movement of music is by dancing, and may it not be possible that the perfect tragic Opera should be composed of an alternation of Ballet and Aria, of movement and rest, in which the rest is used to present the gathered emotions of the scene at the moment of crisis? Is not that why the "Orfeo" of Gluck is such an incomparable success? These are a few of the problems raised by Mr. Leroy's subject, but left untouched in his book.

Mr. Nash's designs are pleasantly decorative. Those for the "Rheingold" and "Siegfried" are too confused, but his settings for the "Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung" might, if modified as they would have to be modified when constructed in the solid, be quite effective on the stage. Nothing, however, could be more foreign to the conceptions of Wagner, the "Man of the Theatre."

THEOCRITUS

The Idylls of Theocritus. Translated by R. C. TREVELYAN. (Casanova Society. 15s.)

IN making translations, as in compiling anthologies, it is impossible to satisfy everybody, and Mr. Trevelyan confesses that he has undertaken his present task with a sole view to pleasing himself. He has been guided by no very strict principles, and has allowed himself considerable latitude. While omitting, for example, two idylls as being not only obviously spurious, but "dull, stupid, and worthless," he has included such of the doubtful poems as have, in his opinion, the merit of beauty. Again, while recognizing that "it is always best to translate poetry into poetry," he acknowledges that the difficulties have sometimes proved insuperable, and he has therefore fallen back, in the case of two of the epic idylls and a number of the epigrams which he has included in the volume, upon a faithful prose rendering. He has, moreover, found it impossible to confine himself to any one particular text, and, in dealing with

corrupt passages, has relied entirely upon his own judgment in choosing among the various readings of scholars.

The metre which Mr. Trevelyan has selected as the best possible equivalent for the admittedly more beautiful and subtle hexameter of Theocritus, is an unrhymed verse of seven accents, the same in structure as the normal half-stanza of the English ballad, but varied considerably by frequent changes in the place of the chief caesura. For this metre Mr. Trevelyan claims not only swiftness of movement, but the further advantage that it renders possible an almost line for line translation of the original. Though a brief quotation can hardly do justice to a rhythm that depends for its success upon sustained effect, here is a passage from the famous third idyll, in which the goat-herd vainly serenades his Amaryllis:—

"Hippomenes, when he would win the maiden for his bride,
Entered the race with apples in his hands. But Atalanta
No sooner saw, but fell mad straight, and leapt into deep love.
Melampus too, the soothsayer, from Othrys drove the herd
To Pylos, and for Bias won a lovely bride to lie
Within his arms and bear his child, the wise Alpheisboia.
Did not Adonis, shepherding his flock upon the hills,
Lead on the beautiful Cytheræa down frenzy's path so far
That even now, dead though he be, she clasps him to her
breast?

Envious I deem the sleeper of that changeless slumber,
Endymion: and I envy too Iasion, Goddess dear,
Who won such bliss as the profane in love may never know."

Scholars, no doubt, will disagree as to the merits of Mr. Trevelyan's translation, and the ordinary man, to whom the introduction and notes are obviously and admirably addressed, may deplore the absence of rhyme. It is probable, none the less, that, having pleased himself, Mr. Trevelyan will please a wide enough circle of readers to ensure the success of this beautifully printed edition, limited to 750 copies.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

"COLERIDGE, POETRY AND PROSE," with an introduction and notes by H. W. Garrod (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.), is a selection from Coleridge's writings. The book also contains essays on Coleridge by De Quincey, Hazlitt, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Emerson, and Pater.

"British Archives and the Sources for the History of the World War," by Hubert Hall (Oxford University Press, 16s.), is published in a new "British Series" of Carnegie Endowment volumes. Dr. Hall deals with the nature and scope of the records, and with their proper arrangement and use, if they are to be made available to historians.

"The Lure of the Sea," selected by F. H. Lee (Harrap, 3s. 6d.), is an anthology of verse and prose ranging from "The Ancient Mariner" to Joshua Slocum's "Enchantment."

"The Lure of Happiness," by W. Charles Loosmore (Murray, 6s.), attempts to give practical advice on how peace, contentment, and a happy life may be realized.

"Pearls from the Pacific," by Florence S. H. Young (Marshall, 6s.), contains an autobiographical account of missionary work in the South Sea Islands.

"The Early Church and the World," by C. J. Cadoux (Edinburgh: Clark, 21s.), is a history of the Christian attitude to pagan society and the State down to the time of Constantine. "A Scientist's Belief in the Bible," by Howard A. Kelly (Marshall, 3s. 6d.), is by an American scientist.

"Health in Childhood" (Bell, 2s. 6d.) contains five lectures delivered at the Institute of Hygiene on the care of the eyes and primary teeth, the prevention of infectious diseases and physical deformities, and mental and moral education.

"Concerning the Habits of Insects," by F. Balfour Browne (Cambridge University Press, 6s.), contains chapters on insect collecting generally and on the habits of bees, wasps, caterpillars, dragon-flies, water beetles.

"The Writers of Greece and Rome" (Oxford University Press, 4s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.) includes in a single volume Mr. Gilbert Norwood's "Writers of Greece" and Mr. Wight Duff's "Writers of Rome," previously published as separate volumes in "The World's Manuals."

NOVELS IN BRIEF

Under the Orange Trees. By KATHLYN RHODES. (Hutchinson 7s. 6d.)

Monte Carlo, with its terraces, palms, tangerine orange trees, and blue mountainous coast, continues to fascinate the million or so novel-readers who can only travel by the famous blue train in imagination. The Rivers family had been wintering on the Riviera, and Valentine, the eldest daughter, despite the sunny lure of tennis, was drawn by an inherited instinct for gambling towards the green tables. Lee, an engineer and explorer, stalwart, noble-minded, married her, but despite her great love and happiness, she could not resist the coloured counters; moreover, as luck or Miss Kathlyn Rhodes would have it, the expensive hotels at which the newly married couple stayed always happened to be in the vicinity of a Casino. Being intensive, soulful young people, they could only afford to take drastic measures to banish the spectre: so Valentine insisted on going into "the loneliness and silence of the mystic desert" to wrestle with her own complex nature, while Lee, with noble forbearance, absented himself in polar regions. So from picturesque contrasts of snow and burning sands all ended with "the glow and passion of triumphant love."

If the Gods Laugh. By ROSITA FORBES. (Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

Colonel Navarro, "the uncrowned King among the Arabs," who plans an African Empire for Italy, contends against Rome, and seems to resemble a romantic English personage of similar military genius and tact, is so splendid a study that it is almost regrettable that the plot should depend on his extraordinary lack of common sense in matters of the heart. The romantic interest of the story is concentrated on Vittoria, his virgin wife, and the aristocratic Englishman, Carstyn. Thrown together by mocking chance in beleaguered hill towns, witnesses of desert dawns by the innocent stupidity of the great military chief, the lovers survive temptation, and their deserved reward is cleverly brought about by political events. At what point the gods laugh outright may be uncertain, but the prosaic reader will smile at the more emotional passages, the Northern quality of which may be excused on the ground that Vittoria is of mixed English and Italian parentage. There are, needless to say, vivid and authentic descriptions of Arab and desert life, and a keen survey of Tripolitania.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

My Brother's Face. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. (Butterworth. 10s. 6d.)

To Mr. Mukerji belongs the distinction of having done an original and fascinating picture of life in present-day Bengal. He is a Bengali Brahman, coming of a family of hereditary temple priests, and was himself initiated as a youth into the temple service. He abandoned it, went to Japan and thence to California, where, against bitter hardships, he worked his way through the university to the American lecture field—as told, excellently, in an earlier book, "Caste and Outcaste." "My Brother's Face" is a much more absorbing book than that, and it is written with a mastery of the English tongue which very many English writers might well envy. After more than twelve years in the West, Mr. Mukerji returned home, to immerse himself in the life of India, and above all in its exuberant expression. He discovered, three years ago, an India dominated by Gandhi, who, he remarks, is held in a reverence that is not limited by agreement with his gospel or policy. He notes certain new facts about Young India—as, for example, that it has lost all respect for the Western mind, and that Gandhi has so changed it that it will "creep no more." He reproduces, in quick or abounding phrases, talks with typical Indians, especially with one remarkable holy man. He describes the life of his own family in Bengal, and in particular the experience of his widowed sister. To many of the people he meets, he is "the illusion-stricken one from America," and they make their attitude startlingly plain to him. He tells, in conversation and vivid incident, the story of a revolutionary in wartime India, of his flight before agents of the Secret Service and his later relations with the Government—a story that, whatever its measure of fact, must be counted a document of high value. And he relates, in "Ghond the Hunter," a story of character and adventure that should live. There is one thing in particular to say about this book: its persons and atmosphere make an indescribable contrast to Mr. E. M. Forster's pictures of the Indian mind and habit in "A Passage to India." "My Brother's Face" should capture a multitude of readers.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MARKET TENDENCIES—SOUTH

AT the time of writing the Stock Exchange is pinning its faith on the conciliation policy of the Prime Minister, and the gilt-edged market has improved. Whether those two facts are wholly cause and effect is made doubtful by the contemporaneous influx of another £1,000,000 in sovereigns from Holland, making the net influx of gold since April 28th £8,511,000. By the time these lines appear in print the result of Mr. Baldwin's personal intervention will, no doubt, be known, and with it the immediate fate of the gilt-edged market. It will be a severe blow to the Government's prestige if its eleventh-hour efforts are entirely unavailing. If they succeed, a further rise in the gilt-edged market does not necessarily follow. The City plainly dislikes, for example, political expedients in the form of uneconomic subsidies. The real problem would still remain. State subsidies may effect some temporary respite, but we shall still have to face fundamental readjustments before the coal, iron and steel industries can definitely improve. On the whole there would seem to be more room for a fall in the event of a breakdown in the strike negotiations than for a rise as a result of the postponement of the struggle. In Home Rails there is at the moment a sympathetic recovery, which is perhaps more justified. The extent to which the least hint of favourable news is bound to be reflected in that market is shown in the following table of prices at the opening and the close of markets on Tuesday, July 28th, the day of the Premier's meeting with the coal owners:—

	Opening Price.	Closing Price.
Great Western Ord.	87½	89½
L.M.S. Ord.	79½	81½
Southern Deferred Ord.	39½	41
Southern Preferred Ord.	77½	77½
Metropolitan Consolidated Ord. ...	69½	70

It may be observed with satisfaction that the Metropolitan Railway has maintained, as we argued it would in THE NATION of July 11th, its interim dividend of 2 per cent. on its Consolidated Stock.

In the industrial market the announcement of the same interim dividend (and no bonus) for shareholders of the Imperial Tobacco caused some disappointment and a set-back in price, but the strength of the investment buying of this stock is very marked, and in the long run likely to be justified. In the present industrial outlook it still remains a sound maxim for the investor to follow the "favourites"—Courtaulds, British American and Imperial Tobacco, and Swedish Match. Courtaulds on Wednesday, for example, rose to 114s. The market in oil shares is firm and investment in Shells as an industrial leader—not as an oil company—is no doubt sound, but for the present we remain of the opinion that the economic position of the oil industry does not justify any marked upward movement of the leading oil shares. The speculative interest in Mexican Eagle has necessarily, and perhaps rightly, faded for the lack of positive information about the Company's production.

An intimation has been given through the usual semi-official channels that the Governor of the Bank might in due course consider the removal of the unofficial embargo on foreign loans. The £4,000,000 loan for South Africa suggests that the embargo is not being interpreted so strictly. Unfortunately the South Africa Loan is one of those overseas loans which do not help the export trades of this country. It is being raised mainly to repay the principal of a loan previously con-

AFRICA LOAN—RUBBER.

tracted here. The precise wording of the prospectus is that the loan is being raised for the "redemption of temporary borrowings in connection with the redemption of £3,000,000 Union of South Africa 4½ per cent. Stock and Debentures paid off on July 1st, 1925, and for the redemption of the Share and Debenture holdings in the New Cape Central Railway now being acquired." Once again the prospectus, beyond saying that the accumulative sinking funds for the redemption of debt amount to £12,351,000 and that debt has been extinguished to the extent of £18,436,000, contains no information on the financial position of the Cape Government. The loan itself is not quite so attractive as the recent Commonwealth of Australia issue. Like the Commonwealth Loan, it is issued in the form of 5 per cent. stock at 99½, but its first interest payment allows for no "bonus" on the instalment payments. The dates at which the Government can redeem the stock, viz., 1945 to 1975, are the same as in the case of the Commonwealth, and give an undesirable advantage to the borrower as against the subscriber. If the embargo is still seriously regarded as a necessary "peg" of our exchanges, it is difficult to follow the reasoning of the policy which gives priority to "Empire" loans over loans to foreign countries, which would admit of much stricter financial control, much fuller information on the State finances, and would lead more directly to the purchase of British goods. It is of more than passing interest to the English investor subscribing to these Colonial loans on the basis of a yield of little more than 5 per cent. that the Commonwealth Government cannot attract its own people in Australia with any less yield than 5½ per cent. For the conversion of its 4½ per cent. Commonwealth War Loans maturing on December 15th, that Government is now raising an internal loan of £67,000,000, is issuing the stock at par, and is paying 5½ per cent. interest. Moreover, the three optional maturity dates—1931, 1936, and 1941—are more favourable to the subscriber than the optional dates 1945-1975 fixed in the case of the London issue.

The rubber share market is following a course that is not unwelcome. The attack on the restriction scheme is increasing, as we anticipated, in intensity. The propaganda of British manufacturers is reinforced by the appearance of the American Secretary of State as a channel of communication between the American manufacturers and the British Government. The attitude of the latter seems reasonable. It refuses to be frightened by the present high price of spot rubber, which it expects to fall. If it does not fall, and if the next few weeks should reveal the prospect of a "grave shortage" even after the release of a further 10 per cent. of the standard production from the restricting areas, then the Government would consider whether any change should be made. At the moment of writing the spot price is reacting and the chances of Government action are becoming more remote. The spot quotation is 3s. 9d. per lb., and the forward quotations are 3s. 6d. for August-September, 2s. 11d. for October-December, and 2s. 3d. for 1926. The share market is easier, and the insiders are finding it an admirable opportunity for picking up more cheaply the shares of those companies which they have good reason to know are assured of net profits for this year and next from four to five times as great as in 1924. It will be possible for the best rubber companies to put a quarter of their profits for the current year to reserve, and still to distribute sufficient dividends to show yields of from 10 to 14 per cent. on the present market price of their shares.

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	Opening Prices 29 July 1925	Yield allowing for accrued interest and loss or profit on redemption					
		Gross Flat Yield	Gross		Net after deducting Income Tax		
		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Long-dated Securities—							
3½% Local Loans — ...	65½	4 11 8	4 11 11	3 13 0			
3½% Conversion Loan (1961 or after)	77½	4 10 10	4 11 10	3 13 5			
4% Victory Bonds (1976)	91½	4 7 2	4 11 0	3 13 4			
4% Funding Loan (1960-90)	88½	4 10 1	4 11 3	3 13 2			
Intermediate Securities—							
5% War Loan (1929-47) ...	100½	4 19 8	5 0 2	4 0 2			
4½% Conversion Loan (1940-44)	95½	4 14 2	4 17 10	3 18 11			
Short-dated Securities—							
3½% War Loan (1925-28)	97½	3 11 8	5 0 8	4 6 1			
5% National War Bonds (1927)	104½	4 15 6	4 15 10	3 16 9			
4% National War Bonds (1927)	99½	4 0 6	—	4 4 11			
5½% Treasury Bonds, A & B (1929)	101½	5 8 6	5 1 0	3 19 4			
5½% Treasury Bonds, C (1930)	101½	5 8 2	5 2 4	4 0 9			
5% Treasury Bonds, D (1927)	100	5 0 0	5 0 0	4 0 0			
4½% Treasury Bonds (1930-32)	97½	4 12 6	4 19 3	4 0 9			
4% Treasury Bonds (1931-33)	93½	4 5 8	5 0 11	4 3 9			
Miscellaneous—							
India 3½% (1931 or after)	67½	5 4 0	5 4 10	4 4 0			
Commonwealth of Australia 4½% (1940-60) ...	97½	4 17 8	4 19 0	3 19 5			
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